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Plan of
LANDUDNO,
on the
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Wales.

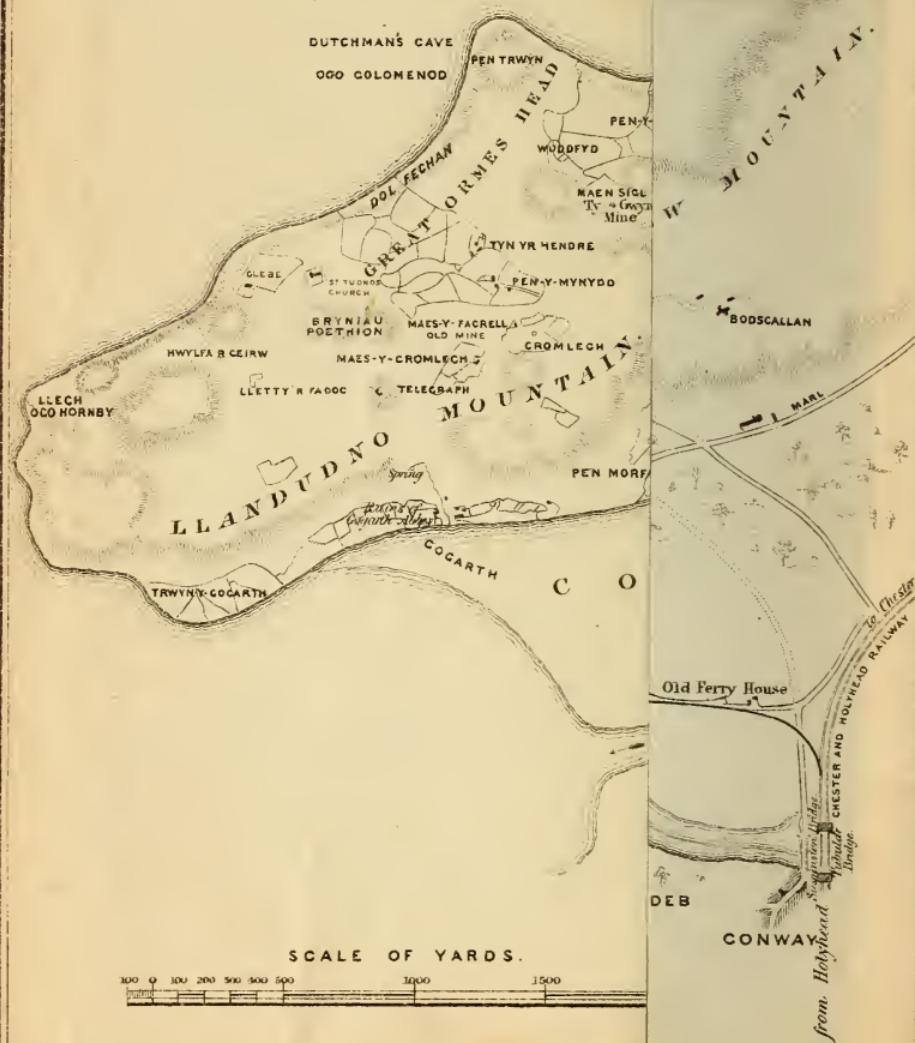


SCALE OF YARDS

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PUBLISHED BY CATHERALL & FRITHARD, CHESTER.

Plan of LANDUDNO, and its Vicinity.



THE
H A N D - B O O K
TO
L L A N D U D N O
AND ITS VICINITY,
BY JOHN HICKLIN;
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS,
BY W. WILLIS;
AND
A MAP OF THE DISTRICT.

FOURTH THOUSAND.

LONDON: WHITTAKER & CO.
CATHERALL AND PRICHARD, CHESTER.
CATHERALL AND NIXON, BANGOR.

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P R E F A C E.

In publishing the following sketch of the past history and the present condition of Llandudno, the picturesque beauties, the ancient remains, and the modern marvels which abound in its immediate vicinity and the neighbouring town of Conway, it has been the object of the Author to combine useful information with intellectual pleasure ; how far he has succeeded his readers will determine. The rapid sale of the First Edition, he trusts, may be regarded as an indication of public approval ; and in now issuing a SECOND EDITION, he begs to state that the work has been carefully revised, and all new matters of interest noted. With good wishes for the prosperous progress of Llandudno, he commits this “Illustrated Hand-Book” to public favour, in the hope that it may be found a desirable “Guide” for the Tourist, and a welcome companion for the domestic circle.

CHESTER, JULY, 1858.

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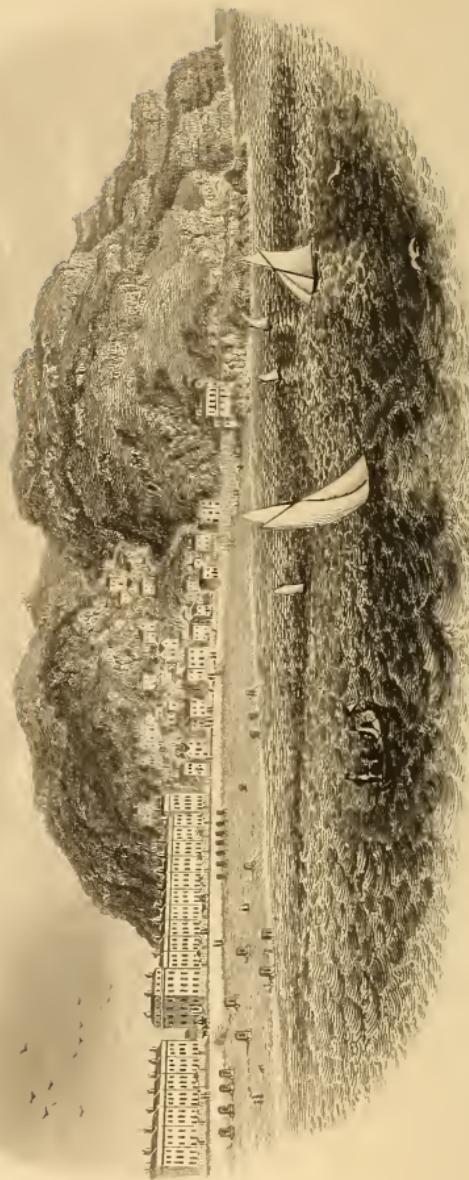
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L L A N D U D N O B A Y

Published by Catherall & Prichard, Chester

LLANDUDNO.

NORTH WALES, with its lovely valleys, its majestic mountains, its placid lakes, and its rural retreats, has always been a favourite resort for tourists ; but since the introduction of railways, which have added the modern wonders of mechanical genius to the picturesque antiquities of the “olden time,” and multiplied facilities for exploring the romantic districts of the Principality, the number of visitors has greatly increased ; and every part of England is becoming familiar with its scenery, its history, and its traditions. Among the more notable spots, which the near proximity of the Chester and Holyhead Railway has quickened into activity, is the delightfully-situated town of LLANDUDNO, where an intelligent spirit of public improvement and commercial enterprise is rapidly converting what was lately an obscure village, into the most charming bathing-place on the northern coast of Wales. Surrounded by a glorious combination of marine and mountain scenery, it stands on the margin of a semi-circular bay, which stretches between the bold promontories known as the Ormes Heads ; and is distant four miles from the ancient town of Conway, in the county of Carnarvon. With the exception of a few occasional notices respecting its ancient Mines, and the old Church on the bleak summit of the Great Ormes Head, Llandudno is seldom mentioned, and then but

briefly, in the many descriptive tours and historic records of which North Wales is the subject. It was for centuries an obscure village, remote from the “busy haunts of men,” and occupied only by a few fishermen and miners, whose manners and habits were those of primitive simplicity, and whose dwellings were of the rudest structure. The wide tract of land upon which the new town of Llandudno now stands, was little better than a swampy marsh ; a few wretched huts dotted the sea shore ; and some scattered cottages along the mountain slopes, or nestling under the protecting cliffs, were the only indications of an inhabited district. The natural beauty, however, of its situation, the salubrity of its air, and its extraordinary facilities for sea bathing, gradually attracted a degree of public attention ; and its selection as one of the Telegraph Stations for the line of semaphore signals between Holyhead and Liverpool, materially helped to bring it into occasional prominence. Families began to resort to it as a pleasant place of residence for the summer season ; and the fitful but earnest efforts which were made by a few visitors, to provide additional accommodation for such as resorted thither for health or recreation, stimulated a desire for its extension and improvement. St. George’s Church, at the foot of the hill, was built in 1840, and the little village developed other signs of social progress. The estates, of which Llandudno forms a part, subsequently came into the possession of the present Lord Mostyn, (then the Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn,) who drained the sterile plain, improved the roads, and evinced every desire to co-operate with the inhabitants in securing to the place the benefit of its natural advantages. Numerous applications having been made to the agent of the estate for the purchase of building sites, it was resolved by the proprietor to offer the land by public auction. Messrs. Williams and Jones, of Liverpool, architects, and land-agents, were employed to prepare the necessary

plans and building regulations ; and the sale took place at the old mansion of Plas Mawr, in Conway, on the 28th and 29th of August, 1848, when several of the lots were disposed of, and many new houses were forthwith commenced. The particulars of sale, from which we quote the following extracts, serve to illustrate the progress of this popular bathing-place, and sufficiently indicate the intentions with which the land was submitted to the competition of a public auction :—

“ During the last few years, Llandudno has been gradually rising in public estimation as a summer resort and watering place. Hundreds of visitors, attracted to its romantic shores, have been unable to secure accommodation. Hitherto no steps have been taken on a scale commensurate with the demand to provide for the erection of additional houses, or to afford the necessary facilities to builders for doing so. The Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn has been in possession of the Gloddaeth estate about seven years, and he has already done much for the effectual drainage of the district. He has had the locality surveyed, and a plan prepared, shewing Llandudno and its suburbs, and in particular the sites which are now offered for sale. In the first instance, they will be submitted by public auction, more particularly with the object of bringing the land fairly before the public. Should any sites remain unsold, they, and other portions of this estate, will be on sale by private treaty.

“ Great care has been taken to provide salutary restrictions, without making them expensively irksome, and to classify the locality, assigning one neighbourhood for large houses and another for a smaller description ; thereby giving protection and security to the former, without depreciating the value of the latter.

“ To ensure proper circulation and ventilation, the streets will be wide, and properly levelled, paved, kerbed, and the footpaths flagged.

“ With a view to provide for the health and comfort of all who may visit or settle in this district, a code of building regulations has been prepared and designed to ensure proper sewerage, drainage, and uniformity of frontage and elevation, which bestow value upon property, to the injury of none. In these days of sanitary reform, no doubt visitors give a preference to those

watering-places which are laid out on the best principles—which have wide streets, and roomy and well-drained houses. It is intended that Llandudno shall obtain a character as such. At the same time, on examination, the clauses will be found only reasonable, and, it is to be hoped, unobjectionable to any, because they have been framed with a desire that they should not have even the semblance of being arbitrary.

“ There are many advantages to the builder here over other places, inasmuch as there is abundance of stone, sand, and lime (stone) to be had on the spot. Timber is as cheap as in Liverpool, and slates are much lower in price. As in most country places, the price of labour is low as compared with that paid in large towns.”

The advance of the place to the importance of a town soon demonstrated the want of an effective system of local government, and accordingly a parish meeting to consider the necessity of applying to Parliament for a local Improvement Act was held on the 6th of October, 1853, under the presidency of the Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn. The requisite plans for securing all desirable works of drainage and water supply were prepared ; and in the Session of 1854, an Act was passed “ for paving, lighting, watching, draining, supplying with water, watering, cleansing, regulating, and otherwise improving the town of Llandudno, in the county of Carnarvon ; for making a cemetery, and for establishing and regulating a market and market-place therein ; and for other purposes.” The administration of the Act is entrusted to a Board of twenty-one Commissioners, seven of whom are annually elected on the third Thursday in July ; the first Commissioners named in the Act being the Honourable Thomas Edward Lloyd Mostyn ; Reverend Edward Thomas Evans, M.A ; John Jones, Esquire ; David Williams, Esquire ; William Taylor, Esquire ; Edwin Gwyther, Esquire ; Edward Moore, Esquire ; Mr. Thomas Alexander Jones ; Mr. Thomas Parry ; Mr. Thomas Jones ; Mr. Thomas Roberts ; Mr. James Williams ; Mr. Joseph Hughes ; Mr. David Lloyd :

Mr. Hugh Hughes; Mr. Joseph Evans; Mr. O. Thomas; Mr. William Prichard; Mr. William Bridge; Mr. William Evans; together with Standish Motte, Esquire, a Director of the St. George's Harbour Company, or on his resignation or ceasing to be a Director, some other person to be appointed by the said Company in his stead from time to time.

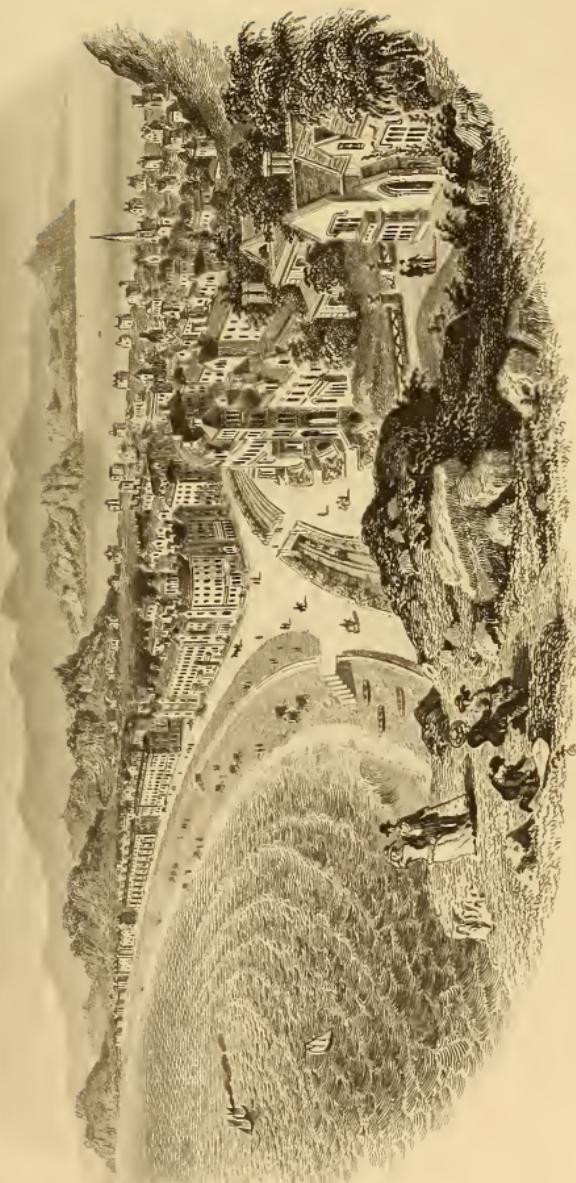
The qualifications of Commissioners and Electors are thus prescribed by the Act :—

“ That every Commissioner under this Act shall have the following qualification (that is to say :—He shall be of the age of twenty-one years, and either a resident within the limits of this Act, and liable to be rated under the provisions of this Act, for any messuages, lands, or hereditaments, within the limits of this act, to the annual value of twenty pounds or upwards ; or he shall be seized or possessed (whether resident or not within the limits of this Act) as owner or lessee, or be in the enjoyment for his own use of the rents and profits of any messuages, lands, or hereditaments, within the limits of this Act, so liable to be rated as aforesaid, of the annual value of thirty pounds for an original estate, term or period of not less than fifty years.

“ That any Director of a Company or member of a Corporation nominated by any Company or Corporation, rated to the rates to be made under the provisions of this Act to the amount of twenty pounds or upwards, owning property liable to be rated to the amount of thirty pounds, within the limits of this Act, shall be duly qualified to be appointed a Commissioner under this Act.

“ And with reference to every election of Commissioners, be it enacted, That every adult male owner of property within the limits of this Act, and every adult male person who, and every Corporation or Company which, shall be rated to the rates to be made under the provisions of this Act, in respect of any property within the said town and limits, and who shall, seven days at least before the day of election of the Commissioners, have paid all the said rates which shall have become payable by him or them in respect of such property, at any time previously to the commencement of the third month before such election, shall be entitled to vote at every election of Commissioners under this Act.”

Mr. John Williams, of Bodafon, is Clerk to the Commissioners, whose meetings are held on the last Thursday in each month. In putting the Improvement Act into operation, it was found necessary to prepare a trigonometrical survey of the boundary included within its provisions, and accordingly, during the winter of 1854-55, plans of the utmost importance to the health, comfort, and welfare of the town, were completed by Mr. F. Macdougall Smith, C.E., of London, whose scheme with reference to drainage and water supply we shall hereafter take occasion to describe. To secure all practical means of maturing the projects for making Llandudno one of the most attractive and fashionable watering places in the United Kingdom, Messrs. Wehnert and Ashdown, architects, of Charing Cross, London, have been engaged; and a new map of the town, prepared by those gentlemen with much taste and ability, has been sanctioned and adopted by the Commissioners. Broad streets, wide parapets, handsome squares, convenient sites for public buildings, commodious terraces, beautiful walks, marine parades, and spacious recreation grounds, are the characteristic features of their plans; including also many admirable designs for architectural elevations, which it will be incumbent on the builders of new houses to adopt. The tenure upon which plots of land for building purposes are sold is leasehold for ninety-nine years, and the purchasers of prescribed lots are bound to erect their houses after designs appended by the surveyors of the lessors. Messrs. Wehnert and Ashdown have also issued a remarkably fine view of Llandudno "as it will be," when the proposed improvements are completed; an engraving from which, with their kind permission, we have the pleasure of including among our illustrations. The co-operation of Mr. Westmacott, of London, solicitor, in carrying out the contemplated extensions has also been obtained: while Mr. Reece, and other influential parties of



J. LAND DUDN G
After the Design of Mess^{rs} Walker and Ashdown
Published by Catharial & Richard Chester.

Birmingham, have effectually aided in promoting the progress of the rising town, whose situation and advantages must command for it a prominent position in public estimation.

LLANDUDNO, though situated in a comparatively secluded district, is easily accessible from the populous towns of the British empire. Well-appointed steam-packets, which ply regularly between Liverpool and the Menai Straits, call daily to land or embark passengers at Llandudno, the voyage to which from Liverpool usually occupies about three hours. The landscape, as viewed from the sea on approaching the shore, is remarkably picturesque and beautiful. To the right, towers the majestic promontory of the Great Ormes Head, with its grey cliffs and romantic rocks ; on the left, the Little Ormes Head stretches its craggy steeps into the waves, which leap with foaming brightness into its sequestered caverns ; and between these mountain guards of the “happy valley,” the waters of the ocean, in their transparent greenness, gently roll their flashing billows into the crescent bay, whose high-water mark is beautifully fringed with a white margin of remarkable stones and pebbles, which invariably attract the examination of the curious and the intelligent ; and whose extended beach, stretching in its semi-circular sweep nearly three miles, forms a most charming promenade.

The bay is skirted by the Marine Parade, along which are erected extensive ranges of handsome houses, including two spacious hotels, for the accommodation of visitors. In front of those commodious residences runs a spacious carriage road, between which and the sea there is a verdant lawn, affording pleasant facilities for enjoying at leisure the exhilarating breezes which invigorate the valetudinarian, and the fine views which possess unfailing charms for the tourist in search of pleasure or “the picturesque.”

The extraordinary advantages which nature has made available

for establishing Llandudno as a watering-place, have doubtless been the great inducements whereby a spirit of enterprise has been attracted to found on its shores a rising town, which it needs no spirit of prophecy to foretell, must become one of the most popular and most frequented marine resorts in the British Isles. Its accommodations for SEA-BATHING are safe, excellent, and almost unrivalled. The sands, which are remarkably smooth and firm, stretch for a considerable distance by a gentle declivity into the sea ; the flow and ebb of the tide are so gradual that children and the most timid ladies may enjoy a refreshing plunge in the water without fear ; while the more venturesome swimmer may take the invigorating exercise without danger. Another advantage to be specially noted, consists in the facility which is here obtainable of bathing at any state of the tide ; for the water at the ebb does not, as at many other places, leave a wide wilderness of loose sands ; but, in its return to "the mighty main," there is always left a sufficient depth for bathing within easy reach ; so that go to Llandudno at what hour you may, it is never deserted by the sea, and none need be disappointed of an open-air bath. But another peculiar advantage of its natural position as a bathing-place yet remains to be observed. Besides the bay which we are describing, there is another bay on the Conway shore of this delightfully situated town, distant not quite a mile across the plain from the former one ; but with so different an aspect, that when Llandudno Bay is lashed into excitement by tempestuous winds, Conway Bay is calm and quiet ; and when the latter is ruffled, the other is still. In both cases the beach is smooth and hard, so that the resolute bather need seldom complain of missing his "pastime in the deep."

The Bay of Llandudno on the eastern shore is, however, the most convenient and enjoyable bathing-place ; and there may be found every comfortable accommodation which well-appointed

caravans, civil attendants, cleanly arrangements, and judicious regulations, can ensure. The intelligent attention of the local authorities has been directed to the importance of securing, in this respect, every desirable provision for the convenience and satisfaction of visitors ; and an observance of a well-considered code of rules is invariably required and enforced.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BYE-LAWS

FOR THE REGULATION OF BATHING MACHINES FOR HIRE, WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE LLANDUDNO IMPROVEMENT ACT.

That licenses be granted (by the Commissioners) to authorise the owner or owners of bathing machines, and all persons employed by him, her, or them for that purpose, to ply for hire on the sea beaches and sands in front of and within the limits of the said town, and at such place or places as are hereinafter mentioned ; and that on any complaint being made by or against any owner or owners, attendant or attendants of any machine, before any Justice of the Peace, such owner or owners shall, on the request of any such Justice, produce and show his, their, or her license, under the penalty or forfeiture of a sum not exceeding forty shillings for every non-compliance with such request.

That no license shall be granted unless the person or persons applying for the same is or are *bona fide* owner or owners of the machine or machines for which any such license, as aforesaid, shall be applied for, nor unless such person or persons shall be a resident or residents in the town and parish of Llandudno aforesaid, and that every such owner, as aforesaid, shall produce a certificate, under the hands of two respectable inhabitants of the said town, that such owner is well known to them, and is of good character.

That the words " Bathing Machine for Gentlemen," or " for Ladies," as the case may be, and the name of the owner or owners of every machine, shall be painted conspicuously on the outside thereof, and that the number of every machine named in the license shall be painted on the out and inside of each door thereof ; and that the owner or owners of any machine using the same without being so named or numbered, shall be

subject and liable to the penalty or forfeiture of any sum not exceeding forty shillings.

That every machine shall be properly and substantially built with fluted or chequered floors, so as to let off all standing water; also, a hand-rope fixed thereto, not less than ten yards in length, with a cork at the end, and a signal flag at the top outside, for the use of bathers inside, to enable them to give notice to be drawn ashore, and provide for each bather two clean towels, not less than three feet by one foot nine inches; also a looking-glass for each machine, and bathing gowns for ladies; and shall be kept in all other respects in good condition and fit for the purposes of bathing, and shall be approved of by the said Commissioners, or the person or persons who shall be appointed by them, for the purpose of inspecting such machine or machines, and that the owner or owners of every bathing machine using any machine without such hand-rope shall forfeit and pay for every such offence any sum not exceeding forty shillings.

That a copy of the Bye-Laws shall at all times be fixed and fastened in some conspicuous part of the interior of each machine, so that the same can be conveniently read by the person or persons bathing, under the penalty of ten shillings, and that the owner or owners, person or persons attending any machine, shall not be entitled to demand, or receive any fare, unless such Bye-Laws shall be fixed or fastened in manner aforesaid.

That if any owner or owners of, or any person or persons attending such machine, shall demand a higher fare than he, she, or they are hereby authorised to receive, he, she, or they, for such offence shall be subject to the penalty or forfeiture of ten shillings; or shall use any indecent, abusive, or insulting language, or otherwise misbehave himself, herself, or themselves to any person about to hire, or who shall have hired any machine or machines, such owner or owners, person or persons so offending shall forfeit and pay for every such offence any sum not exceeding forty shillings.

That if any person or persons, duly licensed, shall, in the judgment of the major part of the Commissioners assembled at any meeting, be deemed to have neglected, or refused, or failed in observing or complying with the Bye-Laws, Rules, Regulations, and Orders, or either of them, or whose machine or

machines shall, in the judgment of the said commissioners, be defective in safety, state of repair, condition, furniture, or cleanliness, or in case any attendant or attendants shall conduct himself, herself, or themselves improperly, and contrary to these Bye-Laws, Rules, Regulations, and Orders, or either of them, such license or licenses shall be forfeited ; and it shall be lawful for the Commissioners to revoke the license or licenses, of such person or persons.

That if the owner or owners, or attendant or attendants of any licensed bathing machine or bathing machines, shall, at any time or times, when such machine or machines shall be used for the purposes of bathing, neglect or refuse to place such machine or machines in a sufficient depth of water, so as to prevent the bather or bathers therefrom respectively indecently exposing his, her, or their person or persons, then, and in every such case, and for every such offence, the said owner or owners shall forfeit any sum not exceeding twenty shillings, save and except in such cases when the tide and weather shall prevent such machine or machines being so placed as aforesaid.

FARES.

For one person 6d., and 3d. each additional person per head. Forty minutes allowed. (This rule does not prohibit machine proprietors from entering into contracts with any person during their license.)

Any owner of machine allowing gentlemen to bathe in the ladies' grounds, or ladies in the gentlemen's grounds, either together or separately, it shall be lawful for the Commissioners to revoke such owner's license. (The positions of the machines to be changed every Monday morning, so as to give each proprietor a fair chance at the end next the town.)

STANDS.—LLANDUDNO BAY.

From a mark opposite the entrance of St. George's Crescent east to another mark placed opposite to the entrance of Clonmel-street, for ladies only.

From a mark placed 150 yards east of Clonmel-street to a mark placed 150 yards eastward of Bay-street for gentlemen only.

CONWAY BAY.

From a mark 100 yards from the south corner of Ty Draw field to another mark placed southward 150 yards, for ladies only.

From a mark placed 150 yards southward of the ladies' bathing ground for a distance of 200 yards, for gentlemen only.

That if any person shall at any time throw, put, or place any dirt, sand, stones, or rubbish, sea weeds, or any other matter or thing, upon any or either of the sands hereby appointed, or any part thereof, so as to hinder, prevent, or impede the free use of the bathing machines, or any or either of them so licensed to ply or stand for hire thereon, he or she shall for every such offence forfeit and pay any sum of money not exceeding forty shillings, nor less than ten shillings.

That every person bathing in the sea without a bathing machine within the limits prescribed by these Bye-Laws, shall, for every such offence forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding forty shillings, nor less than ten shillings.

That every proprietor of bathing machines shall provide and keep ready for use upon his stand two life-belts, with a coil of suitable rope for each, at least fifty yards in length, and that each machine shall be numbered conspicuously, and that the attendant on every bathing machine shall in any case of any property of bathers being left therein, immediately deliver the same to the policeman on duty; and every person offending against this Bye-Law shall forfeit and pay for every such offence a sum not exceeding forty shillings.

No bathing machine owner, or attendant upon a machine, shall refuse or neglect, without reasonable excuse, to allow any person to bathe out of his machine; and any person offending against this Bye-Law shall forfeit and pay for every such offence a sum not exceeding forty shillings.

That no owner or attendant of any pleasure boat shall ply or coast about within the space set apart for bathing purposes, and which shall be marked out by buoys; and every person offending against this Bye-Law shall forfeit and pay for every such offence a sum not exceeding forty shillings.

PLEASURE BOATS.

Having considered the advantages and provisions of Llandudno for sea-bathing, the transition to a notice of its accommodations for the enjoyment of aquatic excursions seems easy and natural ; since at a marine residence opportunities for a pleasant sail are always required, nor will the visitor in this respect be disappointed. Several excellent boats, manned by steady and obliging sailors, are stationed on the beach for hire, and whether the object be fishing or pleasure, we know of no place which abounds with so many facilities and inducements. The sail round the majestic precipices of the Great Ormes Head reveals scenes of solemn sublimity ; the picturesque wildness of its inaccessible crags, where myriads of sea-birds make their unmolested nests, and the savage grandeur of its massive rocks, combining to form a succession of pictures which never fail to impress the mind with wonder and awe. While for those who are less venturesome, the boating within the bay is exceedingly pleasant, and develops a charming variety of marine and mountain prospects. The distance across the bay, between the two conspicuous headlands by which it is sheltered, is two miles ; and from the centre point of an imaginary line drawn across from rock to rock, the distance to the beach is about one mile. The voyage to Rhiwleden, or the Little Ormes Head, as it is more familiarly called, is most interesting and enjoyable ; the rocks are scattered at the base of the Head with most picturesque effects, and in their own individual peculiarities, as well as the singularity of their combinations, are marvellously beautiful. There are also curious caves which are well worth exploring ; with romantic hills, on which swarms of birds tempt the sportsman ; and quiet nooks, whose waters teem with fish, where anglers may successfully pursue the “gentle craft” which old Izaak Walton has so agreeably glorified. But in addition to these

smaller excursions, which find pleasant occupation for a few hours, or it may be a day's delight, there are available opportunities for "going out to sea," not only by means of the Llandudno boats, but by steamers and sailing vessels, which call at appointed times, or "look in" occasionally for the accommodation of visitors; and thus voyages may be cheaply and conveniently made to Conway, Beaumaris, Bangor, Carnarvon, or other places of interest within easy reach. The favourable position of Llandudno for a yachting station has not escaped observation, and there is no doubt that, at no very distant day, it will be a place of popular resort with the promoters of that truly British recreation for gentlemen. Of the necessity for making every order and enactment, which can give confidence to the public in a matter requiring so much care and forethought as the management of boats, the Commissioners have not been unmindful; and they have accordingly issued a series of stringent rules, defining the duties and limiting the charges of the mariners, with whose obligations it is desirable that visitors should become acquainted. We therefore insert for their information,

EXTRACTS FROM THE BYE-LAWS

FOR THE REGULATIONS OF PLEASURE BOATS.

That licences be granted to authorise any number of pleasure boats to ply for hire on the beach and sands in front of the said town, and that yearly licenses be granted and that every license shall contain the number of the boat, and the owner shall, if required by any Justice of the Peace before whom any complaint shall be made, produce and show such license unto such Justice.

That a register be kept of competent persons for the purpose of managing such pleasure boats, the competency of the parties to be approved of by the Commissioners, or by a person appointed by them.

That no license be granted unless the person applying for the same is *bona fide* owner of the boat ; nor unless such owner shall at the same time bind himself to employ two of such persons as may be registered to attend and sail such boat, if the same shall be of the length of thirty-four feet or under ; and if exceeding the length of thirty-four feet, that no license shall be granted unless the owner shall employ three of such persons to attend and sail such boat ; nor unless such boat intended to be used under such license shall, if a boat used with sails, be of the length of eighteen feet or upwards, and if a row boat of the length of fourteen feet or upwards, and shall, in all respects, be approved of by the said Commissioners, before the licensing day ; and in default of either of these conditions, the party shall forfeit a sum not exceeding two pounds, in addition to the forfeiture of his or her license.

That each and every licensed boat shall, at every time upon going to and when at sea, carry one or more life buoys, and in default thereof shall, for each and every offence, forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding forty shillings, and the owner or owners of each and every such boat or boats shall also, in addition, forfeit his, her, or their license or licenses.

That each licensed boat shall not at any time carry to sea more persons than numbered in the licenses belonging to such boat, under the penalty of forfeiting for every such offence the sum of forty shillings, and that the number of persons to be allowed to be carried by each such boat shall be written in white paint upon a black ground, in some conspicuous part of each boat, in the words following :—“ Licensed to carry — persons ;” and in case of a refusal or non-compliance with this last restriction, each and every owner of such boat or boats shall forfeit the sum of forty shillings.

That the number of each boat, with the name of the owner, shall be painted on some conspicuous part of the interior of the boat ; and the owner of every boat which shall be plying for hire on the beach or sands in front of the said town, without such number and name being so fixed and plainly visible in such boat, shall forfeit and pay for every such offence any sum not exceeding forty shillings, nor less than ten shillings.

That if any boat so licensed shall be permitted to go to sea without her registered watermen or sailors on board, or if they

shall prove by their or his misconduct incompetent to manage the same, the owner thereof shall forfeit and pay for every such offence any sum not exceeding forty shillings, nor less than ten shillings.

That the owner of every boat, and the watermen or sailors so employed therein, shall, whilst employed or plying for hire, have a medal, with the number of the boat for which they ply, and the words "Llandudno Pleasure Boat" conspicuously attached outside of their clothes, on the chest; and if any such owner, sailor, or waterman shall ply for hire or go to sea without having such medal so affixed, every person so offending shall for every such offence forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding forty shillings, nor less than ten shillings.

That if the owner or registered watermen or sailors of any licensed boat, or either of them, or any other person or persons whomsoever, shall at any time or times, ply or solicit for hire of any licensed boat, or land their fares in any other place than the stations or places fixed by order of the Commissioners, viz., on the beach, from the north side of the corner of the St. George's Hotel, towards Great Ormes Head; and on the Conway shore, from the south corner of Tydraw field seaward (except such boat shall be driven by stress of weather,) or shall bring any such boat within 200 yards seaward of the water's edge appropriated to the bathing machines, or if any person or persons shall wear a medal in manner aforesaid, not being the actual registered owner or registered watermen or waterman, sailors or sailor of any licensed boat, then and in either of the said cases, every such person so offending shall forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding forty shillings, nor less than ten shillings.

FARES FOR BOATS,

USED WITH SAILS OR OARS, THE TIME TO BE COMPUTED FROM THE
TIME OF SAILING TILL LANDING.

	S. D.
For a whole boat for any time not exceeding one hour ..	2 0
And for the first half-hour afterwards	1 0
The second half-hour afterwards	1 0
And for every half-hour after the second	0 9
Any boat or boats plying at stated hours daily for pleasure to charge each passenger, per hour.....	0 6

That when the owner of any boat, or any person on his behalf, shall agree beforehand with any person for any fare at a less sum than the rate hereby allowed, such owner or person shall not demand or receive more than the sum agreed for, on a penalty of ten shillings.

That copies of the bye-laws shall be printed and delivered to each person who shall be licensed; and the owner, waterman, or sailor, attending to each boat shall, on demand being made by any person having engaged a fare, produce and show the same, on penalty of ten shillings; and the owner or persons attending any boat shall not be entitled to demand or receive any fare, having so refused or neglected as aforesaid.

That if any owner, sailor, or waterman attending any boat shall demand a higher fare than he is hereby entitled to do, he shall forfeit ten shillings; or if any such owner, waterman, or sailor, shall wrongfully, or in a forcible and clandestine manner, take away the fare from any boat which shall appear entitled to such fare, or shall attempt to do so, or shall refuse to permit any person to take the number of his boat, or shall refuse to give his name or number, if required, or shall give a wrong number or name, or shall insult, assault or oppose any peace-officer, or officer of the said Commissioners in discharge of his duty, or shall use any abusive, indecent, or insulting language, or otherwise misbehave himself to any person hiring or having hired such boat, or shall appear to be under the influence of intoxicating liquors, or in a drunken state, or shall remain out at sea contrary to the wish and direction of the passengers, unless unavoidably kept out by the weather; each person so offending shall forfeit and pay for every such offence any sum not exceeding forty shillings, nor less than ten shillings. Parties engaging a boat, and afterwards not going out, must give an hour's notice of their intentions not to go out, or must pay for one hour.

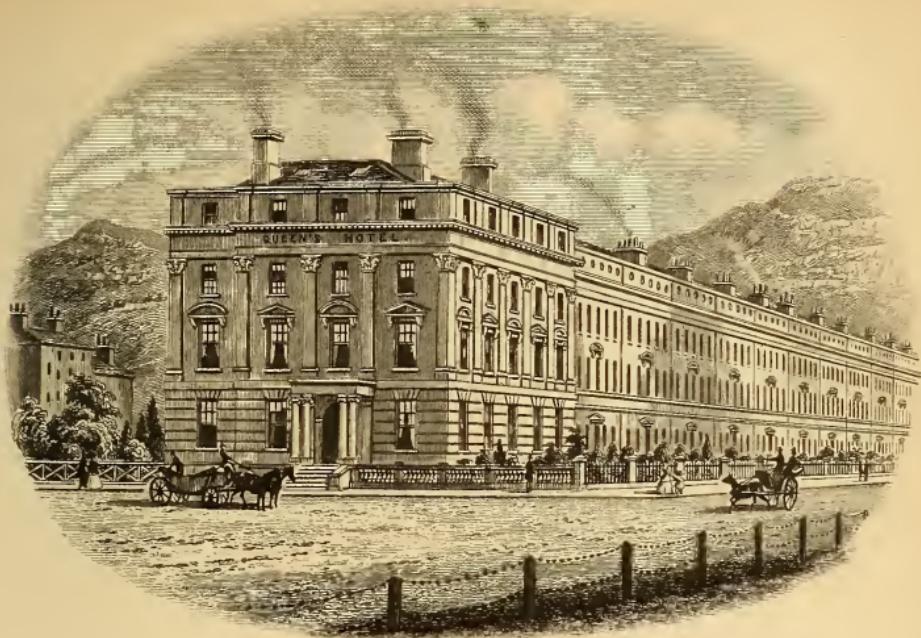
That if any person duly licensed shall, in the judgment of the major part of the Commissioners assembled at any meeting, be deemed to have neglected or refused, or failed in observing or complying with the bye-laws, or whose boat or attendants thereon shall, in the judgment of the said Commissioners, be defective either in respect to safety, state of repair, condition, cleanliness, or want of skill, such license shall be forfeited, and it shall be

lawful for the said Commissioners to revoke the license of such person.

That if any owner, sailor, or boatman shall refuse or decline to take a fare when called on, unless he be at the same time engaged, or unless the weather is too tempestuous and it is dangerous to go to sea, or other unavoidable causes, he shall forfeit a sum not exceeding ten shillings.

THE TOWN.

 Y referring to the plan of the town, as laid out by Messrs. Wehnert and Ashdown, it will be seen that the arrangements admit of ample space and facilities for consulting all the modern requirements of architectural taste, public convenience, and sanatory regulations ; and many of the streets and buildings already occupied, indicate an intention of making Llandudno an attractive place of residence. Its climate in different situations is of so varied a character, that every constitution may there find a “local habitation” suited to its desires, amidst the bracing air of its hills and shores, the softer atmosphere of its sheltered nooks, or the gentle breezes of its valleys. Along the Marine Parade, there are several terraces of lodging-houses which command remarkably fine views of the sea, and are duly prepared for the reception of visitors. At the south-east end of St. George’s Terrace is the QUEEN’S HOTEL, a commodious, handsomely-furnished, and well-conducted establishment, under the management of Miss Hersee, the proprietress, it contains six good sitting-rooms facing the sea, and two others commanding bay and mountain views ; eighteen airy, light, and lofty bed-rooms for visitors ; a spacious coffee-room, over which is a large drawing-room of similar dimensions ; com-



QUEEN'S HOTEL LLANDUDNO.



CLIFF WALK LLANDUDNO.

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fortable sitting and sleeping-rooms for the servants of visitors ; hot, cold, and shower baths ; with all requisite accommodations, including coach-houses and stables.

At the other end of the same terrace stands the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, another public establishment of handsome architectural exterior, and most comfortable internal arrangements, which contains about eighteen convenient bed-rooms, eight sitting-rooms, a coffee-room, with a billiard-room, and baths ; stables and coach-houses. The manner in which the hotel is conducted has obtained for its proprietor, Mr. Davies, considerable popularity.

Among the new lodging-houses which adorn the margin of the Bay, those of Gloddaeth Crescent, on the Parade, beyond the Queen's Hotel, in the direction of the Little Ormes Head, may fairly command especial notice ; not for the purpose of invidious distinction, but as an illustration of the manner in which the town is progressing. This terrace, when completed, will include sixteen houses, built after designs by Mr. Chatwin of Birmingham, in the Italian style of architecture, for Mr. Gwyther and Mr. Warden, of that town ; which seems, indeed, to have supplied many of the most enterprizing improvers of Llandudno. The Crescent is beautifully situated ; each house will be replete with every accommodation required by the most fastidious in a well-arranged marine residence ; and in front of the entire range, there will be a private esplanade which will be turfed and laid out in ornamental parterres, with a broad gravel walk in the centre for a promenade. Cottages and stables for the use of occupants, will also be erected at the back of the dwellings.

Walking along the beach towards the Great Ormes Head, you pass a number of very convenient, and, as we learn from reliable information, very comfortable houses, where lodgings

may be obtained. The vicinity of Osborne House is always in great request ; while a little further on, Belmont Villas and Ty-Gwyn, as we know from experience, supply most desirable apartments for such as wish to combine with a fine marine prospect a snugly sheltered and warmer situation. Indeed so completely protected from the tempestuous north-west winds are all the houses which nestle along the foot of the mountain, that Llandudno possesses advantages for even a winter residence which but few watering-places enjoy.

A little beyond Ty-Gwyn are the newly-erected PUBLIC BATHS, a commodious and handsome edifice, standing upon a bold ledge of rocks overhanging the bay. It contains a most complete bathing establishment, with excellent private baths for ladies and gentlemen, approached by separate staircases, branching off right and left from the entrance hall. Passing through the hall you enter the assembly-room, which occupies the entire front of the building, and opens upon a spacious balcony, commanding most extensive and picturesque sea views. To the right of the entrance hall are separate cloak and coat rooms for ladies and gentlemen. To the left of the entrance hall is a library, and beyond that, in the left wing, there is a billiard room. There are sleeping rooms for the managers in the upper story facing the road. The original design which has not yet been completed, includes two towers with staircases communicating with ornamental grounds, which are to extend to a considerable distance along the shore, and to belvederes above, from which remarkably fine and diversified views of the adjacent country and the ocean may be obtained to advantage. There is kitchen accommodation in the story below. The baths are furnished with a steam-engine and two sets of pumps to raise the sea water from an extensive reservoir, which is filled at every tide ; and it is in contemplation to form also a spacious plunging bath. The



GLODDAETH CRESCENT - LLANDUDNO



LLANDUDNO BATHS.

design for this establishment was supplied by Messrs. Wehnert and Ashdown, under whose superintendence it was built by Mr. Carter; and it will naturally be regarded both by strangers and residents as one of Llandudno's most important local institutions, for bathing is now considered by the intelligent to be as contributory to the preservation as the recovery of health and vigour. Beyond the Baths a new path, six feet wide, has been made, leading past the stone quarry round the head of the promontory, by a gradual ascent to St. Tudno's Church on the mountain—a more beautiful marine promenade it would be difficult to imagine.

Leaving the Baths for awhile, we proceed along the CHURCH WALKS, at the lower end of which (near the sea) there are several respectable shops and places of business, as well as a number of houses on each side of the street, where lodgings can be obtained. A little further on is the MOSTYN ARMS HOTEL, very pleasantly situated, as it commands good prospects of both bays and the intervening landscape. The proprietress of this establishment is Mrs. McLellan, who is very attentive to the wants of her guests, for whom she can supply accommodation in twenty bed-rooms, six sitting-rooms, and a coffee-room. The walk from the Mostyn Arms Hotel towards the Conway Bay is exceedingly pleasant and picturesque, having on the western side a number of detached villas, delightfully situated in gardens on the gentle slopes of the hill. Warwick House, Pendyffryn, Bryntirion, and other residences in this locality, are usually in much demand during the season.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH stands in this vicinity; its architecture, which is of no great pretension, is after the Early English style, and though a simple example of a village Church has the distinctive characteristics of an ecclesiastical edifice. It has a nave with a transept, and a small chancel of one bay;

the porch at the west end, which is the only entrance for the congregation, is surmounted by a tower. The church is built of the grey stone of the adjacent rocks, and thus harmonizes most agreeably with the aspect of the mountain, which forms a bold background to the picture. The old Parish Church, on the summit of the Ormes Head, (of which more hereafter), having fallen into decay, and being most inconveniently situated for the attendance of the inhabitants who had gathered on the lower ground at the foot of the hills, it was wisely resolved to build the structure now under notice; and the history of its erection is thus recorded on a tablet at the west end of the nave:—

“ This Church was built in the year 1840, as a substitute for the Parish Church, which has fallen into decay, and contains four hundred and fifty sittings; and, in consequence of a grant from the Incorporated Society for promoting the enlargement, building, and repairing of Churches and Chapels, three hundred of that number are hereby declared to be free and unappropriated for ever.

"ROBERT WILLIAMS, M.A., MINISTER.

“JOHN WILLIAMS,
“WILLIAM OWEN, } CHURCHWARDENS.”

The architect of St. George's Church was Mr. John Welch, at that time resident in Conway, but he afterwards removed to Liverpool, where he died. The Church was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Bangor on the 13th of August, 1840. The interior is neatly fitted up with seats, and there is a gallery at the west end containing an excellent organ by Mr. Hill of London. There are four lancet windows of one light each on either side of the nave; there is a similar window in the east and west walls of the transept, the north and south windows of which have each three lights. Over the communion table, which is handsomely furnished, are well executed figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, surmounted by the sacred monogram I.H.S.

and on each side, beautifully painted in gold letters on a blue ground tastefully gilded, are tables of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in the Welsh language. Above this ornamental screen is a stained glass window of three lights, by Mr. Connor of London, containing representations of our blessed Saviour and the twelve Apostles; and over the window is a scroll bearing an inscription from St. Matthew xi. 28, in the Welsh language. Mr. Morrell of Llandudno was employed to paint the Church, and his work has been most creditably performed. The pulpit is placed on the north, and the reading-desk on the south side of the chancel. On the south of the west door stands a handsome octagonal font, made of Talacre stone, by Mr. Thomas of Llanasa; it was the gift of Mr. McLellan of the Mostyn Arms Hotel, in the year 1855. On the wall of the south transept there is a neat monument bearing the following inscription to the memory of Mr. Hughes, who was a proprietor of one of the copper mines on the mountain:—

Sacred to the Memory
of
John Hughes,
of
Can-y-Craig, Bangor, and Registrar of this Diocese,
Who departed this Life, October 30, A.D., 1849,
AGED 58 YEARS.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me though he were dead yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

JOHN xi. 25, 26.

The entire appearance of the Church and its fittings is remarkably neat and in good taste; its order and cleanliness are most commendable, and denote an earnest desire to maintain the sanctuary of the Lord's house in all reverence and honour. Under the spiritual charge of the late incumbent, the Rev. E.

T. Evans, M.A., every effort was originated to provide for the religious requirements of the parish, and they are effectively continued by his successor, the Rev. John Morgan, M.A. There are two English services and one in the Welsh language every Sunday, and a lecture on Wednesday evening; and during the summer season, when the place is thronged with visitors, there are likewise additional services in the National School. Praiseworthy attention is given to secure an effective and impressive celebration of Divine worship; and the choral parts of the liturgy are sung with a sweetness and fervour which might put to shame many a city congregation. The Church is usually crowded, mostly to inconvenience; but the ecclesiastical officers of the parish make a point of shewing every courtesy to strangers, who are always sure of accommodation in the pews, which are freely surrendered to their occupation. It is in contemplation to build another church, which the extension of Llandudno certainly requires.

The churchyard is neatly kept, as becometh the burial place of Christians; there are no mounds over the graves, the verdant sods of which are laid level with the green turf of the enclosure; but on the south side, near the church wall, is the more conspicuous tomb of Mr. Hughes, of Tan-y-Graig, to whose memory the mural tablet before noticed is placed within the Church, the inscription on both being similar, except in the scriptural portion of the epitaph, which, on the tomb-stone in the churchyard consists of Isaiah liv. 10—admirably suggestive and appropriate amidst such scenery—“ For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed: but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.” The poet Young has well observed that

“An undevout astronomer is mad;”

and surely, if ever the heart of man is susceptible of religious emotions it must be while engaged in devotional exercises on such a spot as this, where every object wears the visible impress of Jehovah's hand ; and nature, through all her varied scenes of wildness and beauty, utters a living comment upon the Psalmist's sublime declaration, “ The voice of the Lord is mighty in operation.” “ You will generally,” as an eloquent writer observes, “ find our Welsh churchyards very lovely ; and no unprofitable hour may be spent in them at eventide, when the long shadows are on the dewy grass, and the sun glitters in the lattice panes ; and you may lift up your eye to the hills, with their clear and bright heads, that stand about our Jerusalem, and see their far off sides speckled with the white cottage or picturesque farm, the shady copse or the little cascade ; or look down into the cool shady valleys, between whose forest ravines the little brook pours forth its music all day, and feel how, in Coleridge's noble words,

‘Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !’

And though the Church is sorely oppressed with the prevalence of schism—though her sons are but as the two little flocks of kids, while the Syrians fill the country—yet every day she is, I trust, lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes.” And if the reader would realize something of the feeling here described, pass, in the soothing tranquillity of a summer Sunday's eve, from the solemnizing services of Llandudno Church, through whose open doors the departing radiance of the setting sun may be seen shedding a luminous flood of glory over the gently undulating billows of the deep, while in the calm blue distance a sort of heavenly quiet rests upon the bosom of the mountains ; and walk forth amidst the secluded beauty of rural paths, green fields, and solemn shores. There

is a pensive softness in the hour favourable to meditation ; you may catch the spirit of the rejoicing earth, and hear the booming waters of the sea

“ Rolling the deep, profound, eternal bass
In nature’s anthem ;”

and in the refreshing repose of a Sabbath serenity and a landscape so fair, holy thoughts must steal over the senses with a soothing and salutary influence, and predispose the mind to the devout enjoyment of

—————“An eve,
Beautiful as the good man’s peaceful end,
When all of earthly view is passed away
And heaven is in his face.”

A little beyond St. George’s Church is an excellent educational establishment, consisting of commodious and substantial premises for National and Infant Schools, under the superintendence of the Incumbent, who has secured the services of competent teachers in both departments, which are conducted with kindness and intelligence. The schools are well attended ; and the admirable system of moral and religious instruction adopted therein—a combination of Christian knowledge with common learning—cannot fail to produce the most beneficial effects among the classes of society for whose advantage such useful institutions are founded by the Church, and maintained by the voluntary contributions of the benevolent. The first school, for 120 children, with a residence for a master, was erected in 1846, at a cost of £500. In 1853 the managers resolved to appropriate the building to the purposes of an Infant School, and to erect a new school, capable of accommodating 150 scholars. This good intention they succeeded in accomplishing at an expense of £700, and the schools thus enlarged came into effective operation during the summer of 1854. The average

attendance of children in the boys' and girls' schools is about 100 ; and of infants about 80. A Committee of management meets on the last Saturday in every month, for the transaction of all business connected with the schools. And while referring to the provision which has been made in Llandudno for religious worship and instruction, we may take this opportunity of adding that the various denominations of Dissenters have not been negligent in this matter. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists have a meeting-house in Gloddaeth-street ; the Baptists in Llewellyn-street ; and the Wesleyan Methodists near the mountain road above Church Walks. There is a Sunday School in connection with each of these places of worship ; and the Independents during the year 1857 erected a remarkably handsome meeting-house in St. Tudno-street. The Sunday is piously observed in Llandudno by all classes, who seem to regard it with one consent as a day of holy rest, ceasing from worldly cares and pleasures, and surrendering themselves to its sacred duties and influences.

Resuming the course of our ramble, we follow the path beyond the National Schools towards the Conway Bay, and reach the newly-erected mansion at Plas Gogarth, built by the late incumbent for his own residence, and near which there are several other family residences, handsome in appearance and commodious in their arrangements. Returning from this picturesque locality by the lower road, we pass a range of pretty villas called Gloddaeth Terrace, in St. Tudno-street, at most of which visitors may obtain pleasant lodgings, as the houses are very agreeably situated, and command beautiful views of the grand headlands of Gloddaeth, the wood-crowned heights of Maelgwyn, and the fine mountain and marine prospects by which the lovely panorama is skirted. Passing along to Llewellyn-street, the visitor will not fail to notice on the left the singular

effect produced by the tiers of houses which rise one above another on the side of the Great Ormes Head, and not a few of which serve to illustrate the primitive simplicity of the original habitations of Llandudno ; while a nearer approach will make him acquainted, at the foot of Mount Road, with some comfortable dwellings, which but five years ago were the best houses there, and are now occupied by tradesmen of most respectable standing and recognized integrity, who have seen all the struggles of the old village in its progress to the importance of a popular watering-place. In this vicinity are also two road-side inns of homely celebrity, known by the royal titles of the "King's Head" and the "Victoria," where comfortable entertainment can be obtained, and the intelligent civility of whose hosts can beguile the time with local information and anecdotes. In Mostyn-street, which forms a wide approach to the town from the Conway road, and runs in nearly a parallel line with the Marine Parade, there are many good lodging-houses and most respectable business establishments. Opening from Mostyn-street into the main road leading to the Conway Bay, stands "Llandudno Market," a neat and useful building, which has supplied a want long felt by visitors. Its length is 102 feet its width 52 feet, and the height in the centre of the roof is 22 feet ; it contains sixteen stalls, some of which, as they are very commodious, are divided into two ; under the stalls there are sixteen cellars or warehouses for stores, which are found most convenient for the purposes of tradesmen attending the market. The building was erected by Mr. T. D. Carter, after a design by Mr. Ashdown, the architect and surveyor to the estate. At the end of the market a spacious range of livery stables has been erected ; near to which is the stand for hiring ponies, donkeys, basket carriages, and other conveyances. The views from this street command extensive prospects of the majestic mountain

scenery in the neighbourhood of Penmaen-Mawr and the Menai Straits, with the intervening tract of flat country between the two bays in front, and the romantic precipices of Gogarth to the west. The “Prince of Wales” Packet-house is a convenient inn, adjoining one of the approaches from Mostyn-street to the Marine Parade. In addition to the streets here mentioned, other detached buildings and blocks of houses are rising up in various eligible situations.

THE GREAT ORMES HEAD.

AVING thus given a sketch of the new town, we proceed to ascend the lofty and picturesque promontory to which Llandudno is indebted for its ancient celebrity, and which now constitutes one of its most interesting attractions. We commence our ascent, as the most convenient and easy route, from the lower end of Church Walks, just above Belmont House, and proceed by a sloping ledge on the hill side past the newly-built mansion of Mr. Reece, pausing as we go to enjoy the beautiful succession of views which the path discloses. A little higher up we come into the mountain road, and stay awhile to admire the glorious old rocks, which here lift their venerable cliffs in picturesque grandeur, and along whose beetling crags the green ivy clammers in clustering profusion, imparting a cheerful aspect of life and verdure to nature's sternest scenes of sterility. Pursue the winding road still further, and then turn round to gaze upon the magnificent panorama which stretches

before you from the Little Ormes Head round to the green heights of Conway, and the cloud-capped summits of Snowdonia. A fine bird's-eye view of Llandudno spreads beneath ; while the bright blue waters of the sea on either hand—the hills of Gloddaeth—the conical rock of Maelgwyn, towering as it were in isolated prominence amidst the centre of the plain—the gables of Bodysgallen peeping through their “ancestral trees”—the majestic ruins and the famed bridges of Conway—with all the intervening varieties of huge headlands and verdant valleys, studded with “modest mansions” and rural cots, combine to form a prospect of wondrous beauty and extent, which, bounded on the one hand by the picturesquely undulating outlines of the mountains, and on the other by the wide sweep of “ocean's dim immensity,” is worth a pilgrimage to contemplate. Every step develops new features.

“ Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view ?”

Turning to the left from the beaten road, you pass over the rugged waste of hills to the downs, and take the rising path which leads close by the Copper Mines, and at the distance of a mile from the town brings you to the TELEGRAPH STATION, where the summit of the mountain is covered with mossy grass, and the velvet-like softness of nature's green carpet, adorned with heather and besprinkled with a profusion of wild flowers, invites to a pleasant rest, and a leisurely enjoyment of the wonderfully grand views which this elevated position commands ; the highest point of the promontory being 750 feet above the level of the sea.

During the Continental wars there was a signal station on the Ormes Head, which is now happily occupied by an establishment for far other and pacific purposes. The semaphore system of communication now in use was the invention of Lieutenant Watson, and it is very interesting to inspect the nature of the

machinery, and the mode of working it. The Telegraph Station was built in the year 1840, by the Liverpool Dock Trustees, whose intelligent care for the commercial interests of the river Mersey, and for the facilities of communication between the various marine stations on the neighbouring coasts, cannot be too highly commended. This telegraph occupies an important position for the transmission of signals between Holyhead and Liverpool, the line being marked by the following stations—from Holyhead to Cefndu—Point Lynas—Puffin Island—the Great Ormes Head—Lysfaen—Vorydd—Prestatyn—Hilbre Island—Bidston—Liverpool. The immediate points of communication with the Great Ormes Head are, therefore, Puffin Island on the one side, and Lysfaen on the other. On one occasion when we were on the Ormes Head (September 8, 1855, at noon) the following message was passed throughout the whole line in eight minutes :—

- 86—Wind at Holyhead.
- 49—W.S.W.
- 91—Moderate breeze.
- 186—Barometer steady.
- 160—Nothing more to report.
- 161—Nothing off Point Lynas.
- 163—Nothing off Great Ormes Head.

In the month of March, 1856, and on several occasions in 1857 and 1858, we were also witness to equally rapid transmissions of intelligence, as well as to a temporary interruption of the correspondence by intervening mists. The keeper of the Station, Mr. Jones, is remarkably courteous and intelligent; not only affording ready information to every inquirer, but kindly permitting visitors to watch his telegraphic operations, which at convenient opportunities he is always willing to explain; and to take a peep through his powerful telescopes at the sublime

scenery of the district. A book is kept in which visitors are expected to enter their names and addresses. The solidity of the building—and it needs to be strong in such a situation—does not more readily attract the stranger's notice than the domestic comfort and cleanliness of his dwelling, which are most creditable to the industrious management of his wife and family, every one of whom is also skilled in the use of the telegraph.

A sheltered nook on the side of the hill near the Station, is a favourite resort with pic-nic parties, combining, as it does, welcome facilities for the enjoyment of the glorious prospects, and of the exhilarating recreations usually characteristic of such festive occasions. And here it may be the proper place to observe, that for the accommodation of visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Jones have set apart a comfortably furnished room, where tea is provided on the shortest notice, and a supply of good lemonade, soda water and other beverages of the temperance class is always to be had—refreshments which, during the summer months, are much in demand, and, therefore, these arrangements at “the Telegraph” are pretty generally appreciated. The Great Ormes Head is three miles in extent, “from water to water,” (from east to west,) two miles across, and about seven miles round ; it juts into the sea in the form of a peninsula, being joined to the main land by only a narrow tract of level marsh, which causes it to assume the appearance of a rocky island when seen at a distance from the railway or the sea. Its frightful precipices and immense cavities are, for the most part, washed by deep water ; and from its peculiar position, it is said to have been in former days a chosen retreat for smugglers, in illustration of which Mr. Bennett, in his “Pedestrian Tour through North Wales,” (1838,) recites the following tragic story :—

THE SMUGGLER.

It was my fortune, or rather my misfortune, said my companion, some forty years ago, to take up my quarters at a fisherman's hut, in the village, who was a widower with one child, a lovely girl of about sixteen years of age. She performed all the household duties for her father with the greatest neatness and cheerfulness, and at evening was looked upon by the youth of the surrounding neighbourhood as the gayest and handsomest lass that tripped upon the hard sands to the music of a blind harper, who lived in the vicinity. Many a time, as I stood and saw her light feet moving in the inspiring dance, have I said to myself, it would be a pity now if so light a foot should ever carry a heavy heart. Poor Jane! she was the sweetest wild flower of the cliff—nursed in the storm and tempest, yet in her simplicity more winning to the heart and eye than the proudest exotic luxury could produce. I took a pleasing interest in her; and, for the attention she paid me, resolved upon improving her education to the extent of my ability. I had frequent opportunities of observing that she had a strong partiality for a youth who was possessed of personal and mental qualifications far beyond those of his associates, but who was wild, with the bump of marvellousness extremely prominent. After remaining with them nearly three months, during which I may give myself credit for having made good use of my time in improving the manners and intellect of my docile pupil, I took leave of the fisherman and his daughter, promising to pay them a visit in the course of a month, before I returned to merry England. Tears stood in the eyes of poor Jane as I turned to quit the cottage, and the old father squeezed my hand with a cordiality that effectually stopped the circulation of my blood in that extremity. Mark, her lover, seemed neither sorry nor pleased, but leaning his broad back against the white-washed wall of the cottage, whistled, with the greatest composure, "The jovial fellow's farewell." After a month's ramble, I returned to this spot on a dark, stormy day in October; it was indeed a dreary evening. The rain

fell in torrents, and the hoarse sound of the surge came heavily upon my ear as I approached the cottage of my late worthy host, when suddenly, as I lifted my eyes from the ground, I perceived a number of persons walking in slow procession, as from a funeral, and a cold shudder came over me as I recognized the father of Jane ; his white locks exposed to the beating rain, his head bent to the ground, and his hands clasped upon his breast, in the action of mental agony. Thinking my visit would prove ill-timed, I proceeded to a small public-house, and, while my garments were drying at the fire, I managed to extract from the landlord that the funeral of Jane Morgan had just taken place. Astonishment and sorrow chained my tongue for some time. I shall never forget the sensations I experienced at this mournful relation. I sat motionless in my chair, without uttering a syllable for a full hour, or noticing anything that transpired around me during that time. I could think of nothing but Jane Morgan ; I could see nothing but her young blooming face and yellow locks, which used to glitter like threads of gold in the sunbeams, as the fresh sea breeze blew them into a thousand fantastic waves ; her airy form, as it flew along the sands on which her light foot scarcely left a print ; her simple dress—all this I brought to my “ mind’s eye ;” and afterwards the church-yard, where she was laid a corpse ; — I burst into tears. Her lover, Mark Bratts, who had for more than a twelvemonth paid courtship to poor Jane, had obtained her father’s consent to their union, whenever he could realize a sufficient sum to begin the world with in a prudent and respectable way. The precarious life of a fisherman, however, appeared to Mark to hold out little prospect of wealth enough either to gain or support a wife ; and he resolved upon obtaining the object of his wishes as speedily as possible in some other way. A man named Simpson, a notorious smuggler in the neighbourhood, was known to have amassed a considerable property, and Mark resolved to offer himself to serve as one of the crew on board his lugger, hoping that in a trip or two he might earn sufficient to claim his promised bride. He was accepted aboard ; and the day following the little

vessel spread her light sails to the breeze, and took her course for Holland. Mark possessed a little money, which he laid out in a venture, trusting thereby to clear so much as would enable him to claim as his bride the object of his love. It was a stormy day when the inhabitants of Llandudno were roused by the report of guns from the seaward, the wind blowing furiously right on shore. It was about the time that the smuggler's vessel was expected, and those interested in her safe arrival hastily ran to this promontory to ascertain if she was in sight, or in danger, for a king's cutter was known to be cruising on the coast. It was just dawn ; the sea was running mountains high ; and within a league of the rocks they perceived two vessels within half a mile of each other. The first was a small lugger, carrying a press of canvass that seemed to run her hull under as she made directly for the headland, and her masts bent like reeds to the fury of the tempest. As she approached the headland, a number of kegs, piled one upon another on the decks, were observed to vanish into the deep by dozens, being flung overboard by the busy crew. They were within a mile of the shore when the revenue cutter, hauling her wind, poured a broadside of grape shot into the smuggler, so well directed that several were seen to fall from their stations in various parts of the vessel. Still they carried every stitch of canvass, knowing that there was water enough for the light lugger to cross the bar after they had rounded the point, and that the revenue cutter would be sure to strike upon the sands if she attempted to follow them half a mile further, being of much heavier tonnage. Besides, she was already in some peril by venturing so far in shore, with a gale blowing heavily from the north-east. She was soon within hail of the Head, and the cliffs were covered with human beings, gazing eagerly upon the little craft beneath it, when suddenly a chain-shot from the cutter carried away her mainmast, which fell over the side. To cut away the stays and clear the wreck was the work of a minute, and the smuggler's bark swept like a sea-bird round the Great Ormes Head into the Bay of Conway, but not until their pursuers had sent another broadside into her hull as they stood

off shore. As the *Typhon*, the name of the king's vessel, turned from the pursuit, the daring outlaws sent up a shout of triumph, which was echoed from those on the rocks, and after a slight shock, which the lugger received as she crossed the sand-bank, they floated safely in smooth water.

But where was Jane? Foremost of that crowd which gathered on the rocks, when the firing was first heard, flew the light form of the lovely maiden, like a young eagle glaring for its mate. She stood upon the extreme verge of the cliff, unconscious of every thing save the peril of her lover; her eyes fixed upon the vessels, straining as though they would crack their strings, to discover the form of him who had her heart in keeping; and, as the vessel glided under the headland, she hung over the brink of the precipice, gazing upon the dead and dying, with whom the decks were strewed. But she saw him not. With the swiftness of the seamew, she followed the course of the smuggler along the shore; and when at last she saw the white sails gathered to the yards, and the vessel riding safely at anchor in the rocky bay, she leaped into a boat, and rowed herself to its side. A moment, and she jumped upon the deck, calling wildly for poor Mark. But no one answered her. With hair dishevelled, and eyes glancing fire, she turned each dead man's face up to the sky. At length, a headless trunk met her distracted gaze. A bright gold ringlet of hair, tinged with smuggler's blood, and fastened to the breast of his shirt, the blue pea-jacket she gave Mark at his departure, and the brass buckles which her father wore and presented to him as a pledge of future favour, all flashed conviction on her mind that it was the mutilated form of her lover. A wild scream, which struck terror into the hearts of the daring crew, proclaimed her heart was broken; and, falling on his mangled corpse, she instantly expired. This was the melancholy end of the lovers.

Happily, such adventures as these, owing to the altered character of the district and our improved marine regulations, have now become almost impossible; but while the pathos of the



ST TUDNO'S CHURCH LLANDUDNO.



THE TELEGRAPH STATION LLANDUDNO

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story dwells in the mind, let us leave our mossy seat, and proceed down the green declivity to the little CHURCH OF ST. TUDNO, which stands before us near the verge of the sea-washed precipice —a monument at once of the faith of former times, and the benevolent piety of our own days. Tradition states that this, the ancient Parish Church of Llandudno, was founded by the venerable saint to whom it is dedicated. He was the son of king Seithenin of Maes Gwddno, whose territory on the coast of Cardiganshire was overflowed by the sea; and whose sons adopted a religious life by becoming members of the College of Dunawd at Bangor Iscoed. They were all afterwards canonized; the brothers of Tudno being Merin, Senevyr, Tudglyd, and Gwynodl, the patron saint of Llangwynodl near Pwlheli. Tudno having thus forsaken the ambitious paths open to him as a prince in the court or the camp, for the more humble and obscure vocation of a parish priest, sought, in the seclusion and security of this lofty promontory, a spot where he might worship his God in peace, and minister in holy things to the peasantry of the hills. The parish then consisted of houses far distant from each other, and scattered on the mountain's face, in spots difficult of access, and exposed to the vicissitudes of earth and sea, the landslip and the storm. Here, at the commencement of the seventh century, the devout recluse erected his baptistery and altar, after the primitive custom of those days; when Churches were hard to raise, and persecution frequently drove the Christians of ancient Britain to seek a refuge among the mountain solitudes, “in dens and caves of the earth.” Afterwards, as was usually the case in those times of fervent faith, a Church was erected for the use of the pious who resorted to the hermitage of the saint; and the present structure occupies the site of St. Tudno's oratory, although no traces of that early building are discoverable. This Church was one of those which were

founded at a time when the Britons were not in communion with the Church of Rome, and before the practice of dedicating to saints, according to the usual mode, had become customary. From the testimony of Bede, it appears that the mode of consecration practised by the primitive Christians of this island was peculiar. Wherever a Church was intended to be erected, a person of reputed sanctity was chosen to reside on the spot, where he continued forty days in the performance of prayer, fasting, and other religious exercises ; at the expiration of that time the ground was held sacred, and a Church was erected accordingly. It would naturally follow that the Church should be called after the name of the person by whom the ground was consecrated, and in this sense the word "founder" must be understood. It remained for subsequent generations to regard the founder in the character of patron saint. Popular opinion seems to maintain that all Churches, which are named after Welshmen, were founded by them.*

The original Church was doubtless replaced by a larger edifice about the eleventh or twelfth century ; for in an interesting contribution to the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for January, 1856, the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, who has devoted much time and ability to the antiquities of this district, says :—" There are evident remains of that date in the north wall, where courses of small stones alternate with courses of large ones, as is not uncommon in early work. This extends half way from the west towards the east end. A difference of work in the masonry there shews that the Church was doubled in length by the addition of a chancel, which is of the Perpendicular period. The building, therefore, as it now stands, shows marks of two distinct periods ; the former may have been of the eleventh or twelfth century, the latter including all the architectural features of the fifteenth

* Professor Rees's *Essay on the Welsh Saints*.

century." The latter was a period of much exertion in Church building throughout Wales; and although there may be some difficulty in assigning precise dates to the various portions of the structure, clear indications of successive changes are sufficiently visible in the masonry to justify the conclusions of intelligent archæologists. Ultimately the Church assumed an oblong form, having a gable-turret for one bell, a low arched entrance on the west, a porch on the north with an aperture for a single light, a three-lighted square window in the east, a similar one of two lights in the south-east, and a single round-headed window near the porch on the north. The interior measurement of this single-aisled edifice is 67 feet long by 16½ feet wide; the separation of the chancel being originally marked by a carved screen with rood-loft, which must have been very elaborately worked, judging from the few fragments that have been preserved. The original timbering of the chancel roof was also ornamental. The principals of the roof over the chancel were enriched and adorned with ecclesiastical symbols, together with a carved entablature which ran along the walls. There was a niche with a credence slab beside the east window. The other portions of principals and timbers of the roof were plain, rough-hewn with the hatchet, and pegged together with rude wooden pegs. Some traces of ornamental red painting were discernible on the walls. In process of time, "as faith waxed old and generosity became feeble," the mountain Church was almost deserted, and suffered to fall into decay—a consequence probably of an inefficient provision for the spiritual services of the parish, as the writer of a "Ramble at Llandudno," published in 1849, says—"Of old time Divine worship (on the Ormes Head) was performed only in the afternoon by the clergyman from Conway, who, with his clerk, had to travel from one place to the other, a distance there and back of ten miles; and often in the winter months they were themselves the only attendants."

In the month of January, 1839, a tremendous storm broke on the mountain, swept off the roof of the Church, and so much damaged the building that no effectual attempt to repair the ravages of the weather was made ; and the greater part of the population being located on the isthmus connecting the hill with the main land, it was determined to erect a new church there in a favourable situation. St. George's Church, as we have seen, was accordingly built ; St. Tudno's was deserted, except as a parochial burial place, and left exposed to the depredations of man and the violence of natural agencies. "The mountain of the Lord's house" was forsaken, and the holy place where their fathers had worshipped was "laid waste." In this state of dreary desolation, the melancholy sight of the roofless sanctuary long excited the sorrow and the indignation of the sojourner, as he contemplated it from the sea, to the mariners of which it had for ages served as a welcome beacon—or rambled by its neglected walls, around which

" The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"

till the morning of the resurrection—or stepped his way, amidst broken stones and accumulating rubbish, within its hallowed precincts. Attempts were made through the public Press to rouse or shame the proper authorities to a sense of duty, and renewed appeals appeared in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, the *Chester Courant*, and other publications, to induce some active effort for putting the Parish Church and its adjoining Cemetery into a becoming state of decency and order. The ecclesiastical authorities, the landed proprietors and others most interested, however, " made no sign ;" and at length a few zealous members of the Cambrian Archæological Association visited the place, and commenced a subscription, which was thus announced in 1854 :—

The ancient church of Llandudno, an interesting relic of the fifteenth century, has for some years been lying in a greatly dilapidated condition. It is situated on the higher portion of Great Ormes Head, exposed to the violence of all the storms from the ocean, and is now nearly stripped of its roof, being entirely unfit for Divine worship. The sum of £100 will suffice for putting it into a state sufficient for the requirements of a mortuary and occasional Chapel ; and it is hoped, that amongst those who have visited and become acquainted with this remarkable spot, subscriptions to this amount may be raised. Donations for this purpose will be thankfully received by any of the following gentlemen :—Rev. Edward T. Evans, Perpetual Curate of Llandudno ; J. Williams, Esq., Bodafon, Llandudno ; Rev. H. Longueville Jones, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, Privy Council Office.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ALREADY RECEIVED.

The Bishop of St. Asaph	£2	0	0
T. Love D. Jones Parry, Esq., Madryn	1	0	0
Rev. John Parkin, Llanyblodwel	1	0	0
Rev. Robert Williams, Rhodycrocœsau	1	0	0
R. Kyrke Penson, Esq., Oswestry	1	0	0
Rev. H. Longueville Jones	1	0	0

The then Incumbent, the Rev. E. T. Evans, warmly promoted this good work, which, though progressing slowly, would probably have raised a sufficient sum to remove the reproach which had long attached to Llandudno in this particular, when Mr. W. H. Reece of Birmingham, moved with gratitude to God for the recovery of his only daughter's health in this salubrious place, gratefully resolved to restore the Church at his sole cost, as a thank-offering for Divine goodness. But before noticing the accomplishment of this pious resolution, it may not be uninteresting to gather into our narrative a few of the notices that appeared upon this subject in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, as they serve to show, not only the feeling which existed respecting the then state of the Church, but the lively interest which Llandudno has been gradually exciting in the minds of intelligent tourists :—

Chester, 4th November, 1845.

MR. EDITOR,—In the sixth number of the *Archæological Journal*, I find, at p. 210, the following passage:—

“ Mr. Charles W. Goodwin, Fellow of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, communicated sketches of two coffin slabs, ornamented with highly decorated crosses flory, which were disinterred, a few years since, from beneath the flooring of the church of Llandudno, on the promontory of Ormshead, near Conwy. They are formed of blue stone, apparently a kind of slate; and the foliated ornaments, which cover the entire surface, are carved in low relief. The dimensions of the larger slab are six feet by two feet at the head, and one foot six inches at the foot. The other slab measures five feet six inches by one foot eight inches at the head, and one foot at the foot. Mr. Goodwin stated that, as far as he could ascertain, no coffins were found with them; and that he was inclined to suppose they had been brought from Gogarth, where the Bishops of Bangor had a palace, a few miles distant from Ormshead. At the time when the slabs were found, the church of Llandudno was dismantled; and a fine screen, which, according to tradition, has been brought from Gogarth, was, as well as the carved roof of the chancel, carried away to serve as fuel.”

I merely point out this passage to your notice, in order that I may ascertain, through your means, where these tombstones or coffin-lids have been carried to. I can hear no tidings of them at Conwy. Have they been broken up for road-stuff, like the screen and roof for fuel?—Your obedient Servant,

AN ANTIQUARY.

[Our correspondent may well ask this question; but for an answer, we fear he must only look to the winds that howl around the bleak promontory on which the abandoned church of Llandudno still stands. We have never heard of them ourselves, although we frequently visit Conwy. Possibly, one of our correspondents, who is now engaged in an architectural survey of Caernarvonshire, may succeed in obtaining some intelligence concerning them, if, indeed, (which we fear is not improbable,) they have not been broken up for the road or railway. Such vandalism would by no means surprise us in the latitude of Conwy. While upon this subject, we may observe, that it is indeed a melancholy sight to see the church of Llandudno, one of the oldest cells in Wales, nearly all unroofed, and

abandoned to the winds and the rains. Admitting that it was necessary to build a new church at the foot of the promontory, for the use of the small town now growing upon the flat land, yet the least that could have been done would have been to see that the ancient building was not suffered to go to decay. A memorial, such as this simple building, of the rude but enduring piety which led St. Tudno to that stormy solitude, is one of the monuments of the ancient British Church,—valueless, perhaps, in itself, for any architectural beauties, but of no small importance as a proof and tangible illustration of early ecclesiastical history. How is it possible that this act of desecration on the part of the parochial authorities can have been overlooked by their ecclesiastical superiors?

Mr. Goodwin is in error when he styles Gogarth as “a few miles distant from Ormeshead.” It is the narrow slip of cultivable land on the south western side of the promontory, upon which are still some remains of the building supposed to have formed a residence for the Bishop of Bangor.—ED. OF ARCH. CAMBRENSIS.]

*To the Editors of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*.*

GENTLEMEN,—I am glad to be able to answer the question of “An Antiquary,” (No. I, p. 83,) respecting the coffin slabs, in the old church at Llandudno. When I visited the venerable spot in April, 1843, I found them inside, resting against the wall, with no further damage than that they were broken across into three or four parts. I spent the whole morning in restoring them to their original position, which, with the assistance of an embryo antiquary of fourteen, I was able to accomplish successfully; and I trust that they will be permitted to remain so without being disturbed. It seems that they were taken up when the churchwardens removed the communion table and rails, under the flooring of which they lay, to the school-room at the bottom of the hill, which was fitted up for divine service during the building of the new church.

I should wish that one of your architectural correspondents would carefully examine the ruins of Gogarth, the history of which is completely buried in the deepest obscurity. Though said to have been a palace of the Bishops of Bangor, I am inclined to suppose that an extensive establishment once existed there, as a large church may be traced, the walls of which still

remain to the height of several feet on the north side. Immediately below Gogarth was the extensive plain which formed the territory of *Helig ab Glanawg*, extending as far as Bangor, and which was overwhelmed by the sea in the sixth century.

I am, yours obediently,

March 10, 1846.

LL. C.

[This is a valuable piece of intelligence, for which we are much obliged to our unknown correspondent. The author of *Mona Mediæva* hopes to visit Llandudno, next June, and to make a requisite survey of the remains both there and at Gogarth; but will be glad to enter into previous communication with LL. C. on the subject, or to accompany him thither. We call the attention of the Archdeacon and of the Rural Dean of the district to the state of the tombs. Those functionaries are bound to see that proper care is taken of the time-hallowed ruin, and of the tombs in question. The church is now nearly unroofed, and we believe totally neglected—thereby constituting a strong reproof against the vigilance of the proper authorities. What though a new building has been erected in another place to suit a new purpose, is the ancient edifice therefore to be destroyed? The same reason may serve a future generation for the unroofing and desecration of Bangor cathedral, when it once ceases to be the special see of a Bishop.—ED. ARCH. CAMB.

ABANDONMENT OF LLANDUDNO CHURCH, CAERNARVONSHIRE.—This building continues in the same neglected state, or rather is receiving fresh injury every day from the weather. The roof is now half gone, and in a short time the remainder will doubtless fall in. No real friend of the Church of England, who sails under Ormes Head, can avoid blushing at the conduct of the parochial and ecclesiastical authorities in allowing this state of things to continue. When parish churches are suffered to fall into ruin, cathedrals may begin to tremble. There is a new church built, it may be said, in another part of the parish, more convenient; very true, and perhaps a site may be found *more convenient* for an episcopal see than Bangor; if so, is Bangor Cathedral to be demolished as useless?—October, 1846.

Such are a few examples of the energetic appeals which were made to excite public attention to the condition of the old

church ; but, as we have already observed, no helping hand was effectually put to the work till Mr. Reece generously undertook it, and engaged Mr. F. W. Fiddian of Birmingham as the architect to carry out his wishes. Accordingly, on St. Tudno's Day (*Gwyl Mabsant*), the 5th of June, 1855, the work of reparation and restoration was commenced. The architect proceeded, by Mr. Reece's instructions, to search for and replace such parts of the sacred structure as had been carried away by the peasantry. The ancient circular font (of a very early date) which had been removed, and at the time it was found was serving the purpose of a pump trough ; one of the emblems of the chancel roof, representing the five wounds of the Saviour ; fragments broken from stone coffin lids ; and portions of carved wood-work, were recovered, cleaned, repaired, and restored. The church was entirely re-roofed and repaired ; the old square window at the east end replaced by one of stained glass in the Decorated style, which prevailed throughout Wales in the fifteenth century ; a second window added on the south side ; the interior furnished with open seats for the congregation, pulpit, reading desk, communion rails and table, with painted tablets of the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, in the Welsh language. In short, the little church has been made decent and appropriate for Divine worship ; and in all its essential architectural features (with the exceptions we have named) it remains unaltered. Nor must we omit to mention that the ancient coffin slabs have been put into good condition, and are placed at the east end of the church, in the north and south walls. Of these notable relics, Mr. Longueville Jones, in the article before quoted, says :—“ There are two incised slabs or coffin-lids which appear to be not more recent than the thirteenth century. They possess such an elegance of design as to show that they belonged to persons of at least noble birth.

On each of them, below the head of the cross, will be observed a buckle or brooch, on either side of the stem. We do not know what inference is to be drawn from their occurrence, but it should be remarked that, in each case, the workmanship of that on the dexter side is more elaborate than on that of the sinister; while, from their being identical in design and position, it may be supposed that the slabs were carved by the same artist. They have been much injured and broken, but are now preserved from further damage, and are placed vertically in the walls of the chancel, because the masonry was too weak to allow of niches or recesses being cut for them to lie in a horizontal position." Within a recess in the centre of the north wall of the church is inserted a marble tablet, bearing in tastefully coloured letters under an encircled cross, a tri-lingual inscription in English, Welsh, and Latin, to the following effect:—

A.D. MDCCCLV.

This ancient Church of St. Tudno, which had been many years in a ruinous condition, was restored in honour of Almighty God, and as a token of gratitude for the recovery of his only daughter at this place, by William Henry Reece, Esq., at his own sole cost.

"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men."

The names of Edward Thomas Evans, Incumbent, John Williams and James Williams, Churchwardens, and F. W. Fiddian, architect, are also added. This memorial of the munificent piety of the benefactor was erected out of the small funds raised by subscription for the Church, in answer to an appeal of the Cambrian archaeologists. It is the only portion of the work not paid for by Mr. Reece, to whom all the praise belongs. The restoration is a good example of the architect's taste and judgment; and the work has been creditably executed by the contractor, Mr. Hughes, of Llandudno. On the feast of

St. Luke, Oct. 18, 1855, the little Church, thus restored and beautified, was formally transferred to the charge of the Incumbent and the Churchwardens. It was a day of rejoicing to be had in remembrance by the inhabitants, and especially by such as dwell upon the mountain ; it was therefore marked by appropriate religious observances and a social festival. There was a numerous attendance of the Clergy and Laity, who entered into the proceedings of the celebration with cordial feelings of Christian fellowship. About ten o'clock the Clergy formed in procession at the Church-yard gate, and, preceded by the Churchwardens, and choirs of Llandudno, Conway, and Llanrwst, chaunting *Te Deum* as they went, advanced to the porch, where they were met by Mr. Fiddian, who, on behalf of Mr. Reece, presented to the Churchwardens the keys of the Church ; which was immediately crowded by a devout congregation. The order for morning prayer was then proceeded with, the officiating ministers being the Rev. E. T. Evans, Incumbent of Llandudno, and the Rev. John Morgan, of Llanrhaiadr. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. V. Vincent, M.A., Rural Dean, from Ezekiel xxxvi. 36—“ Then the heathen that are left round about you shall know that I, the Lord, build the ruined places, and plant that that was desolate : I, the Lord, have spoken it, and will do it.” The discourse was earnest, practical, and suitable to the occasion ; and with reference to the peculiar event of the day, the Reverend preacher observed :—

“ There is no more correctly indicative criterion, under ordinary circumstances, of the state of religion in any country, than the *condition* of those edifices, which have been once solemnly dedicated by the free-will offerings and prayers of our forefathers, in primitive times, exclusively to the service of God.

“ Few of them in this country were costly, but they were built in times when wealth did not abound—our ancestors were poor,

but they ' did what they could ;' and mean and simple as most of these edifices may appear to *us*, in an age of commercial affluence, and, perhaps, too often of ostentatious rivalry, they were then, at least, probably the best and not the meanest structures in each parish ; and care was taken in their very architecture to give them something of a *distinctive* character, to remind men that there was a difference, and ought to be a difference, between their ordinary habitations and the House of the great God. They seem to have been imbued with that reverential spirit, which could not have *borne* ' to dwell in houses of cedar, while the ark of God dwelt within curtains.'

" ' They did,' I repeat, ' what they could ;' and we may believe, that these attempts, simple and rude as, to us, they may seem, must have been the result of Christian *feelings* ; and history shews this to have been a fact ; for, in those primitive times, the men who had zeal enough to build these ancient Churches were impelled by the same Christian influence to frequent them, not to desert them, however difficult of access they might be, and however inconvenient to us, who live in a more luxurious age, their position may appear ; whether their situation was remote and isolated, on the shore, or on the mountain, our early ancestors deemed it a high privilege to assemble in God's own house, and with one accord, as one family, to send up their common petitions to the throne of grace, and to pour forth from full hearts their hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

" They were, indeed, unskilled in the artificial manners and blandishments of what is often falsely called *civilization* ; but they had more love without adulation, and more humble reliance upon their God, the very threshold of whose house they ever entered with reverence and lowly obedience, a sign, we may hope, of corresponding lowliness of mind. Such, I believe, was the general character of our early ancestors in this country ; but, alas ! a more lethargic and careless age succeeded ; our Churches were neglected by professed friends, and soon, as a consequence, became the scorn of, at first insidious, and afterwards emboldened

enemies ; and too applicable to many of them in their dilapidated state, open as they were to all the winds of heaven, were the words of the Psalmist, ‘ Yea, the sparrow had found her an house, where she could,’ and did, ‘ lay her young, even thy altars,’ thy consecrated altars, ‘ my King and my God.’

“ But let us draw a veil over that dark and gloomy page of the Church’s history in Wales, and thank God that He hath put it into the hearts of His servants to raise up and to restore in various places the ancient tabernacles of our land.

“ We have indeed special cause to rejoice, and to be thankful to Him who rules all hearts, that it is not merely the more narrow motive of local attachment, partiality, or supposed territorial obligation, which has brought the ready aid to our necessity in this instance, but that the free-will offering has proceeded from a far higher and holier principle—namely, from gratitude to a good God for mercies received, and from that truly catholic spirit of Christianity which makes no distinction as to countries, nations, language or localities, but seeks out objects of sympathy and benevolence wherever they may be found,—would that such a spirit were universal!—would that such an example, such Christian leaven, may extend and influence all hearts and all acts.

“ There are many interesting circumstances connected with ancient fabrics like this, which are not in the same degree associated with more modern structures ; they seem to have a tendency to impress upon the mind special reflections and feelings of devotion and seriousness ; they form a kind of link between different periods ; and in this place a very remarkable one, namely between that period prior to acceptance in England of the corruptions of Rome, when the doctrine and example of the Christian Tudno illuminated and adorned the British Church ; and another glorious period, namely, that of the Reformation, when those corruptions were repudiated and rejected, and the pure doctrines of the Gospel, as now, I trust, held by ourselves, were ratified and confirmed, as those approved by that branch of the universal Church established in this realm.”

The sermon closed with a call to self-examination, an exhortation to unity and godly love, and a pious aspiration that God's spiritual Church may be built up in this nation, its breaches be healed, its divisions cemented, its ruins repaired; so that the world may rejoice at the glorious sight, and learn to live in universal charity and peace. The offerings of the people were then collected in aid of the Llandudno Clothing Society. After the service the congregation adjourned to a tent erected within the Telegraph enclosure, to partake of the hospitality of the Incumbent, who had provided luncheon for the occasion. During the festivities several speeches were delivered, a report of which we abridge from the *North Wales Chronicle* of October 21, 1855:—

“The usual loyal toasts having been given,

“The Rev. E. T. EVANS said he should be only acting up to his duty in proposing the health of a gentleman, for whom he felt respect, and to whom the parishioners of LLANDUDNO were very greatly indebted. He referred to Mr. William Henry Reece, the restorer of that Church. (Applause.) He need not say much respecting the restoration of the Church, as it was a simple matter of history. They had been trying for some months to restore it, but failed. The subscriptions amounted to only £7 or £9; at all events they were under £20, although Mr. Longueville Jones had received £7 from a party totally unconnected with the parish, for the object. But their exertions were put a stop to by Mr. Reece, who came forward, entirely of his own accord, with an offer to do the work at his own expense. He stated that he had long seen and lamented the delapidated state of the Church, whilst walking on the mountain with his daughter, and had formed the intention of doing something for it. His only daughter having resided in the neighbourhood for many years, and being greatly restored in health, as the consequence, he said he felt a desire to restore that Church, as a thank-offering to the Almighty, for the benefits she had received

whilst living there. He should say that in their printed circulars, the estimated cost of restoring the Church was about £100. Mr. Reece said he would take the whole cost upon himself, and leave a margin of £50. However, the actual cost had exceeded their estimate, for instead of £100 it had cost from £350 to £400 to place it in the state they saw it that day. Now, such an act of liberality called for no remark from him, besides simply stating the fact. It was their duty—it was his duty as Incumbent, and of all who felt an interest in Church matters, and it was the duty of the parishioners of Llandudno, to feel greatly indebted to Mr. Reece, and to wish him and his daughter many years of health and happiness; and that the Church which he had restored would prosper in God's cause. (Applause.)

“ Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, Bodafon, said he could not allow the last toast to pass without saying one word. He was no speaker, but he felt grateful for these things. As a parishioner and Churchwarden, it was his bounden duty to express the deep obligations he owed, as well as the parishioners, for the handsome manner in which Mr. Reece had restored that old edifice. His heart leapt with joy that morning on hearing the old bell ringing once more, and he hoped it would never cease ringing. Who could tell but that thousands in Heaven were, at that moment, glorying in that restoration, and that it might be the means of sending thousands more thither. It was the beginning of great things, and predicted more than they could in any way comprehend. He well recollects the time, when Church matters were at a low ebb in the town below, and he was very faint-hearted—ready to give up in despair—but Archdeacon Newcome wrote him such a kind letter, saying:—‘ Don't leave it, for God has not allowed that Church to be built without intending that some good should come of it, and you may depend upon it, that you will see the Church filling yet.’ Well, it was filling; and they could not tell what it might lead to, for the population was very much increasing. He felt very warmly upon the subject, but could not give utterance to his feelings. Once more he would express his gratitude and thanks

to Mr. Reece and his family, and many blessings attend them here and hereafter.

“ The Rev. J. V. VINCENT said, he thought none could refuse also to drink the health of Mr. Evans, the Incumbent of Llandudno, who had shewn great zeal in this as well as in other matters connected with the Church. (Applause.)

“ The Rev. E. T. EVANS hoped he might have every assistance from above to do his duty as he should do it ; and he felt very grateful to-day that they had been able, through the munificence of Mr. Reece, to re-open the old Church. He would do all in his power to have as many services in it as possible, and to have them conducted properly. The Churchwardens could answer for themselves, but he felt bound to say that few Incumbents were blessed with more zealous Churchwardens than he. There were many undertakings which he should never have carried out but for the assistance which they had afforded him. He was greatly indebted to them for their services.

“ Mr. BASSETT SMITH, of Birmingham, expressed the pleasure he felt, whilst crossing the mountain that morning, on hearing the old bell sound, after being so long silent ; and, as he approached near to the sacred edifice, and heard praise and thanksgiving proceeding from those long deserted walls, he was deeply grateful for the mercy shewn towards the people of Llandudno. He believed it would be the means of doing great things for the mountain population, who were in great need of a Church, and no man could calculate the blessings which might flow from the services there to be performed. It was delightful to think, with Mr. Williams, that thousands of spirits might be looking down upon them, and blessing the work, and that thousands who had not yet entered upon their mortal existence, may have occasion to praise it. Such, he fervently hoped, would be the case. When he first saw Llandudno Parish Church, it was a ruinous building ; the shattered walls, scarcely able to support the roof, were crumbling in decay. Such was the condition of a Church founded in the days when the light of Christianity first broke into this island, by the pious exertions

of the sainted old man to whom it was dedicated. It rose a witness of the truth ; and had been such from that time, through succeeding ages ; the truth had been preached there, and men had often met there to offer up the most acceptable sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. How delightful, then, it was, to see that Church restored to something like its pristine form. True, it wanted much of the character given to Churches in latter days by the zeal and culture of our forefathers : it lacked the cruciform style ; but still it was a building which shadowed forth the Ark of the Church, the vessel in which they must sail, if they wished to reach eternity. He felt delighted that the structure was restored, and especially that it had been the work of a very old and valued friend of his. He accounted it a high privilege to have the acquaintance of such a man, and ever since he had known him he had loved him. He was satisfied that no person who had known either Mr. Reece or his family, could do otherwise than admire the whole of its members. That he had been the means of doing this good work was a source of great gratification to him personally. He (Mr. Smith) believed he had been the means of giving them, in Llandudno, a new festive day, the day of St. Luke the Evangelist, when he had given up this Church to the Clergy and Churchwardens for the public benefit. He had no doubt the Clergy would do their duty to the Church, and he was sure the Churchwardens would do theirs. The painstaking shewn by Mr. Williams, of Bodafon, was a certain proof that no care would be wanting to make the Church what it should be, and to hand it down to their successors as they found it. An onerous and important duty devolved upon Churchwardens. It was for them to see that those foes to Churches, such as rotting leaves, did not accumulate, and gather about them, generating destructive influences to the whole edifice. Sometimes, the neglect of a few days, in this respect, caused the ultimate downfall of a venerable structure. He believed that the Churchwardens, who had the charge of this Church, would take care to maintain the work which had been that day completed. If they did their duty effectually they

would not only hand down to posterity a properly restored edifice, in good repair, but also an excellent example to other Churchwardens—such an example as Churchwardens in past days had rarely supplied. He would therefore give their health, hoping that the festival of St. Luke would be long remembered by them all with gratitude, and that each return of this day would be a stimulus to them in the discharge of their duties, and cause them to think of the subject to which the devotions of the day had given rise: that when their work was done here, they might attain an inheritance in that world to which they were all on their pilgrimage. The health of the Churchwardens was then drunk.

“ Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS begged to express his deep gratitude for the manner in which his name had been noticed. He hoped, in conjunction with his brother Churchwarden, to be able to do his duty. He happened to be one of the Churchwardens in 1839, when, in a great storm, the roof of the Church was blown off. He could only say that they would do their utmost to keep it in repair. They had always received the most hearty support from their Incumbent. They were not only much indebted to Mr. Reece, but also to Mr. Fiddian, the architect, who had taken great pains, and had done his work, as they had seen that day, in a very satisfactory manner; and he would hand down his name to posterity with great honour in connection with the old Church of Llandudno. He would propose the health of Mr. Fiddian.

“ Mr. FIDDIAN returned thanks for the cordiality shewn him, as a member of the body of architects, of which he was an humble representative; at the same time, the compliment was unmerited, (“ No,”) yet he would yield to none in his desire to promote the interests of the Church, though they might be his superiors in talent and means. It was an establishment intimately connected with the present and future happiness of man, and to which his profession naturally belonged. It was on this ground that he felt the greatest possible pleasure in carrying out the benevolent desires of his esteemed friend, Mr. Reece; and

he could assure them it would be one of the brightest recollections of his life, that he was engaged as the architect of this restoration."

There was an afternoon service in the Welsh language at St. Tudno's Church, the sermon being preached by the Rev. W. Jones, Vicar of Nevin; and there was another Welsh service in the evening, at St. George's Church, where the Rev. W. Jones again officiated. Each service was attended by crowded congregations, among whom medals, struck by Mr. Cotterill, of Birmingham, as durable records of the occasion, were gratuitously distributed. The obverse of the medal bears a representation of the restored Church in relief, with the name of the architect; and on the reverse is this inscription: "To commemorate the restoration of Llandudno Parish Church, A.D. 1855, at the sole cost of William Henry Reece, Esq." with the names of the Incumbent and Churchwardens. The burial ground enclosing St. Tudno's Church has for centuries been the place of sepulture for the parish, comparatively few graves having been made in St. George's churchyard, which, owing to its contiguity to human habitations, is now closed against further interments. By an order of Her Majesty in Council, all burials in the latter churchyard are prohibited, and are now entirely confined to the former. Anticipating, therefore the necessity of making due provision in this matter for the requirements of an increasing population, the Incumbent and Churchwardens, with laudable foresight, have resolved to enclose six acres of land immediately adjoining the present burial place on the mountain, as soon as funds are available to form a cemetery, after the modern practice of ornamenting with appropriate taste those gardens for the dead. The services of Mr. Fiddian have been put in requisition for this purpose, and he has published a pleasing view of the intended cemetery, which, when com-

pleted, will be an important addition to the attractions of Llandudno. For the venerable Church, combined with the wildness of the surrounding scenery, cannot fail to excite the interest of visitors, who will find in the projected grounds of the cemetery a picturesque promenade of unusual beauty and sublimity.

The situation of the ancient Church of St. Tudno is admirably adapted to suggest impressive reflections on the might and majesty of the High and Holy One, “who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.” Standing as it were in the very theatre of God’s omnipotent energy, we are surrounded by the visible tokens of Almighty Power; beneath us rolls the vast illimitable sea, whose mighty waters boom upon the stupendous rocks, like the distant echoes of eternity; and beyond us stretch “the everlasting hills,” whose solemn heights are unshaken by the wildest storms, and whose sun-lit peaks, towering far above an ocean of mist and vapour surging below, seem like resting-spots for angel-bands as they descend on their earthly missions. Here, if anywhere, man must surely recognize the outward manifestations of the Divine Presence; and whether, amidst the tranquil beauty of a sunny sky, or the sublime terrors of the darkening tempest, will gratefully acknowledge the fitness and fervour of the piety, which raised an altar in this mountain solitude for the worship of Him whom winds and seas obey.

If, on leaving the Church, you feel inclined to tarry awhile within the consecrated enclosure, to meditate among the tombs, you will notice many a singular epitaph dictated by the eccentricities of affectionate remembrance;

“ While many a holy text is strewed around,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.”

Among these memorials of the dead will be recognized a tomb-stone, which reminds us of one of the most painful disasters in the annals of navigation on the Welsh coast. It is the grave of Mrs. Tarrey, of Bury, who, with her husband and family, perished in the wreck of the *Rothsay Castle* steam-packet in Beaumaris Bay, August 17, 1831. Never, perhaps, in the long catalogue of marine accidents, has there been a more extraordinary and affecting instance of the fatal consequences of culpable neglect and infatuated recklessness, than the loss of that vessel exemplified. She left Liverpool for Beaumaris about eleven o'clock in the morning ; and after a most alarming voyage, during which the captain was earnestly but ineffectually exhorted by the passengers to return, she arrived off the Little Ormes Head at eight o'clock p.m., was two hours more making the passage to the Great Ormes Head, toiling in her dangerous course, till at midnight she struck on the Dutchman's Bank, and went to pieces amidst the most appalling scenes of misery, and despair. It was indeed a fearful night of horrors ; and when morning dawned on the wreck, and

“Burst on the billows the flashing of light,”

it was but to reveal the havoc which the destroying waters had made, and to bring the tardy succour which only sufficed for the rescue of twenty-two out of one hundred and fifty persons—one hundred and twenty-eight having perished. The melancholy event excited deep and general feelings of sympathy throughout the country ; an official investigation distinctly proved that the vessel was not sea-worthy, that the captain was an obstinate drunkard, and that there were no means on board of making signals of distress. For some time after the fatal occurrence the foot of the Great Ormes Head, the shores of the Conway Bay, and the adjacent coasts of Carnarvonshire and Anglesey,

were strewn with fragments of the wreck, and the dead bodies of the hapless passengers. The mournful history of the loss of the *Rothsay Castle* abounds with most touching incidents of that memorable night of sorrow and death; like the mysterious scroll seen by the Prophet of old, it is literally “written within and without with lamentations, and mourning, and woe.” The husband of the lady whose grave has suggested these painful recollections, was land agent to the Earl of Derby; his body was found on the Anglesey shore, and interred on the Sunday after the wreck in the churchyard of Beaumaris; the corpse of their infant son was found a few days after near Llan-saintffraid Glan Conway; and the discovery of the mortal remains of Mrs. Tarrey was thus touchingly related in a letter of September 8, 1831, by Mr. Evans, of the Cottage, at Llanrwst:—“While a friend and myself were at Llandudno, on Sunday last, the body of a female, one of the unfortunate passengers in the *Rothsay Castle*, was brought on shore. I had the person examined, and found in the pocket a gentleman’s gold watch, with chain and seals, a brown silk purse, three thimbles of different sizes, and some articles for children. On her finger were two gold wedding rings and a guard ring, and she had two gold ear-drops. Upon my opening the watch case the watch paper led me to conclude that she must have been from Bury. There were no other means of identifying her. I wrote a letter to Mr. Duckworth of Bury; and yesterday the lady’s brother came over. She proved to be Mrs. Tarrey. On Monday her poor remains were decently interred at Llandudno Church. My party, and several other friends, from feelings of respect, followed the corpse to its last home, and contributed as much as it was in our power, to increase the solemnity of the affecting scene.” The remains of Mr. Charles Bury, who also perished in the wreck, are interred in the burial

ground of the Great Ormes Head, and the bodies of others unknown; while the churchyards of Conway, Beaumaris, and every village in the vicinity, have supplied a last resting-place for many of the sufferers in that awful catastrophe. One result of the disaster was the erection of a light-house just beyond Puffin Island, improved arrangements of the buoys, and a more effective supervision of sea-going steamers. The packets now plying between Liverpool and the Menai Straits are remarkably good vessels, well-appointed, properly provided, and under the command of competent officers, whose habitual courtesy and intimate acquaintance with the navigation of the Welsh coast, have secured for them public confidence and respect. Humanly speaking, the occurrence of such another wreck in such a situation, lighted and protected as it now is, may be reckoned as a most remote improbability. But the perils of the deep are manifold; and a few years since it was the painful duty of the keeper of the Telegraph on this mountain to transmit to Liverpool the appalling news of a ship on fire on the other side of the promontory; and he was highly complimented at the time on the quickness and accuracy of his intelligence. The horrible accident to which we now refer occurred in Abergale Bay, a few miles to the eastward of the Great Ormes Head, on Thursday, the 24th of August, 1848. The *Ocean Monarch*, a splendid American vessel of 1,300 tons burthen, left the river Mersey early on the morning of that day, bound for Boston. She was commanded by Captain James Murdoch, and had on board 398 persons, crew and passengers. The pilot from Liverpool was discharged about eight o'clock, and no incident worthy of note occurred until a little before twelve o'clock at noon. The captain gave orders to tack ship, and while some of the crew were in the act of hauling in the main yard, he was informed that one of the steerage passengers had made a fire in one of the venti-

lators. He immediately sent the steward and another man to extinguish the fire, and bring up the delinquent who had kindled it. The ventilator, which was made of wood, and ran through the Captain's state room, had been mistaken by the man for a chimney. Before the return of the steward, however, the Captain discovered that the ship itself was actually on fire. He gave orders to have water poured upon it, and directed that the ship should be kept before the wind, in order to lessen the draught; but the flames burst forth with a rush almost as instantaneous as lightning, and in less than five minutes the whole stern of the ship was completely enveloped in the fiery element. So great was the heat, that the passengers crowded to the forepart of the vessel. All control over them was soon gone. Their piercing, heart-rending shrieks for aid were carried by the breezes across the dark blue waves. In their maddened despair women jumped overboard with their offspring in their arms, and sunk to rise no more. Men followed their wives in frenzy and were lost. Groups of men, women, and children also precipitated themselves into the water in the vain hope of self-preservation, but the waters closed over many of them for ever, and fearfully realized the solemn declaration, that "in the midst of life we are in death." The flames continued to rage with increased fury. In a few minutes the mizen-mast went overboard—a few minutes more, and the main-mast shared the same fate. There yet remained the fore-mast. As the fire was making its way to the forepart of the vessel, the passengers and crew, of course, crowded still further forward. To the jib-boom they clung in clusters as thick as they could pack—even one lying over another. At length the fore-mast went overboard, snapping the fastenings of the jib-boom, which, with its load of human beings, dropped into the water, amidst the most agonizing screams. Some of the poor creatures were

enabled again to reach the vessel, others floated away on spars, but many met with a watery grave. Meantime the captain gave orders to get the ship's boats afloat. Two were got overboard, and while in the act of getting the others ready, and cutting away the lashings, the fire reached them, and they were immediately enveloped in flames. On seeing this the passengers became more unmanageable than ever. It was a painful moment; the shrieks of terror and alarm baffled all description. Maddened by despair, and in the vain hope of being rescued, they knew not how, numbers again jumped overboard. In this awful position of affairs the captain gave directions to throw every moveable article overboard, so that those who had left the ship might cling to them until help arrived. At this time the *Queen of the Ocean* yacht bore down upon the luckless vessel. Her owner, Mr. Thomas Littledale, (with whom were Sir Thomas Hesketh, Mr. Tobin, Mr. Palk, and Mr. Aufrere) was returning home from the Beaumaris regatta when he observed the flames. The boat of the yacht was lowered, and proceeded to the ship for the purpose of rendering what assistance she could. As there was a stiff breeze blowing, with a heavy swell, it would have been next to certain destruction to the yacht had she been run alongside the ship; but the exertions of Mr. Littledale, his friends and crew, were of the noblest description, and he was the means of rescuing thirty-two persons from a watery grave. Of these twenty were seamen, including the Captain, who had flung himself into the water and clung to a spar, and the remainder were passengers. In about an hour and a half after the yacht reached the vessel, the Brazilian steam-frigate *Afonso*, which was out on a trial trip, came up. She had on board the Prince de Joinville, his Lady and suite, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Brazilian Minister, the Chevalier d'Lisboa, Admiral Grenfell and daughters, and other

distinguished individuals. She was commanded by the Marquis d'Lisboa. Four boats were instantly lowered, together with the large paddle-box boat; the Marquis jumped into one, and Admiral Grenfell into another, and were untiring in their exertions to save the poor people. The Prince de Joinville stripped off his coat, and was particularly assiduous in assisting the passengers on board the frigate. The heat was very intense; and even to those on board the boats alongside, was very oppressive. The frigate rescued in all about 160 persons. A noble fellow, named Frederick Jerome, went to the wreck when there was little hope of saving any one, and stuck to the hull of the vessel till every soul had left her. It is said this praiseworthy individual, by his own hand, lowered 100 persons to the boats below. The *Prince of Wales* coasting steamer, the New York packet-ship *New World*, and a smack, also came up, after some time, and rendered assistance. The *Prince of Wales* rescued 17 persons, and the smack 16; in all 225 persons were saved, 173 having sunk into a watery grave. The *Ocean Monarch* was the property of Messrs. Enoch Train and Co., of Boston, and was fully insured. Her cargo consisted of 700 tons of iron, a large quantity of salt, and some dry goods. The freight, together with the passage money, amounted to £2,600. And thus, while the warm and sunny flush of a midsummer day flung its radiance over the flashing sea, and nearly four hundred souls were probably rejoicing in the bright beauty of the scene, the gallant ship, which but a few hours before had

— “Walk’d the waters like a thing of life,
And seem’d to dare the elements to strive.”

went down amidst the whirling waves, a hissing mass of fire; within call of land, and yet beyond the reach of help from the spectators on shore, whose sympathy could give no succour in this fearful time of agony and despair.

In her charming book on North Wales, Miss Costello says of the Great Ormes Head, that "this part of the coast answers in some degree to that on the shores of Brittanny, but the traditions and poetical legends of the country have faded away here much more than along the answering rocks and wrecking headlands in France." We have seen, however, that if traditions and legends be wanting, the stern realities of maritime disasters supply narratives even more affecting, though perhaps less romantic. Nor is our story of melancholy mishaps done, though the brief tale of one more startling incident may suffice. On the first of January, 1824, the brig *Hornby*, bound from Liverpool to South America, with a cargo valued at upwards of £60,000, was driven from her course by a heavy gale; and, about midnight, was dashed against the rugged front of the Great Ormes Head, and instantly sunk. One of the crew happened at this terrible moment to be out upon the bowsprit, and he was flung by the concussion upon a narrow shelf of the rock, where he lay for some time stunned and confounded; but at length, exerting that mechanical energy which Providence beneficently supplies for self-preservation, even in the total absence of consciousness, and which sometimes achieves more than deliberation would dare to attempt, he succeeded in getting to the top of that frightful precipice, and crawled to a smithy at a little distance, where he was found at five o'clock in the morning by some workmen employed there, in connection with a neighbouring copper mine. He told his melancholy story, but was laughed at by his incredulous auditory; for he could only say that he had climbed up the horrid steep which had wrecked the vessel; how, he knew not, and the thing appeared impossible to those acquainted with the place. At day-light, however, (for it was winter,) portions of a wreck were discovered near the spot, and

the truth of the man's story was shortly afterwards made apparent. No other individual of the *Hornby*'s crew, or thing belonging to her, was saved. The scene of this extraordinary occurrence was the north-western point of the precipitous part of the promontory overlooking the Menai Straits, and to which this disaster has given the name of the HORNBY CAVE.

Let us walk in that direction over those verdant downs, leaving the old manse on the verge of the cliff to our right, and pausing to mark the site of the ancient palace of Prince Madoc, LLETY FADOG, some rude remains of which are observable; and near it are the relics of a few broken walls, which served the sportsmen of the olden time as a watch-place for deer, the etymology of its name, *Gwylfa y Ceirw*, according to Pennant, distinctly proving the nature of the enclosure. Proceeding westward beyond those vestiges of antiquity, we arrive at a zig-zag path cut in the hill, leading down to another singular cavern near the Hornby Rock, called LLECH, which has latterly excited considerable discussion among tourists. In Volume V. of "Notes and Queries," a remarkably useful and intelligent work, the following inquiry occurs:—

" LLANDUDNO ON THE GREAT ORMES HEAD.—Having occasion to visit the above interesting place last summer, among other objects of curiosity I was induced to visit a "cavern," which the inhabitants said had been lately discovered, and which they said had been used by the Romans (Roman Catholics) as a place of worship. A party of five hired a boat, for the purpose of visiting the place, which is about two miles from the little Bay of Llandudno, for it is quite inaccessible by land. We arrived in about an hour, and quite surprised at the appearance of the "cavern," which seems to have been made as private as possible, and as inaccessible, by large stones being piled *carelessly* upon each other, so as to hide the entrance, and which we could not have found without the assistance of the sailors. The cavern is

about ten feet high, lined with smooth and well-jointed strong work, with a plain but nicely executed cornice at the height of seven or eight feet. The shape is heptagonal, and the fronts on each side are faced with smooth stone ; the space from front to back, and from side to side, is equal, about six feet six inches. On the right, close to the entrance, is a font, sixteen inches across inside, twenty-two outside, and eight or nine inches deep. There is a seat round, except at the entrance ; and there has been a stone table or altar in the centre, but a small portion of it and the pillar only remain. The floor has been flagged, but it is in a very dilapidated state. That it was used for worship there is little doubt ; but how and when it was fitted up seems marvellous. It is not mentioned by Pennant, or any Welsh tourist.

“ Will any of your correspondents oblige me and the public with the history of this ‘ cavern,’ as it is called, at Llandudno ?

“ L. G. T.”

“ Lichfield.”

A correspondent of the work quoted replied to this query, but erroneously confounded the cavern, respecting which information was sought, with the discovery of an ancient mine in the mountain. L. G. T. therefore renewed his inquiry, which elicited in the seventh volume of “ Notes and Queries ” this explanation :—

“ I am surprised that the twice repeated query of your correspondent L. G. T. yet remains unanswered. The cavern he refers to is that called LLECH, and concerning which he has fallen into several errors. The cavern, so far from having been lately discovered, has been known for generations past, and is yearly visited by hundreds of strangers. If the entrance has been made as private and inaccessible as possible, there is nobody to blame but nature and time, for the ancient approach was from the summit of the cliff, by means of a flight of stone and grass steps, of which traces still remain, connected with an old stone wall. The cave is easily descried from the sea-shore

below, whence it can be reached by the aid of a common ladder. The shape is not heptagonal, as stated by L. G. T., but is semi-octagonal, terminated in front by two square columns of free-stone. The front and seats are in perfect preservation ; but of the stone table which many years ago occupied the centre, the pedestal only remains. The font, or rather stone basin, is supplied by a spring of most delicious water, which, at certain seasons, flows in copious quantities into an artificial bath, excavated in the rock below. It is said that the cave was fitted up as a grotto, or pleasure-house, by some ancestors of the Mostyn family ; and this is all that is known about it. I have measured the principal dimensions, and find the quantities given by L. G. T. sufficiently accurate.

“ C. MANSFIELD INGLEBY.

“ Birmingham.”

The accuracy of the description here given has been tested by recent observation ; but if any tourist should be desirous of exploring the cave, we would recommend great caution in attempting the sloping path from the mountain, the approach is much safer from a boat. The views from this part of the promontory are exceedingly grand and picturesque.

Returning past the Telegraph Station towards the town, we observe the entrance to the OLD COPPER MINE at Maes-y-Facrell. A long line of rail across the hill forms the arm of a pump used to lift water from the mine ; a number of hardy labourers will be observed near the spot where heaps of pebbles containing the copper ore are lying ; and, on closer examination, the approach to the mine will be discovered. It has for ages been a profitable source of mineral wealth, and is now worked under the superintendence of Captain Vivian, on behalf of the representatives of the late Mr. Hughes. The *Gentleman's Magazine* records that “in October, 1849, the miners at Llandudno, near Conway, broke, in the course of their labours, into what appeared

to be an extensive cavern, the roof of which, being one mass of stalactite, reflected back their lights with dazzling splendour. On examination the cavern turned out to be an old work, probably Roman ; the benches, stone hammers, &c., used by that ancient people having been found entire, together with many bones of mutton, which had been consumed by these primitive miners. The bones are, to all appearance, as fresh, though impregnated with copper, as they were when denuded of their fleshy covering. The cavern is about forty yards long." The catalogue of curiosities in the museum of that intelligent antiquary, Mr. Bateman of Youghal, contains the following entry :—" A collection of articles found in a very ancient copper mine at Llandudno, near Conway, North Wales, in October, 1849, consisting of *four large boulders*, which have been used for pounding the ore; *bones* of deer, &c., some of which are embedded in stalagmite, and coloured green by the percolation of water impregnated by copper; and also some *stalactite*, which depended from the roof of the mine when the ancient working was broken into. Presented by William Fennell, Esq., of Wakefield, 13th December, 1851." And through the kindness of Mr. Brushfield, Medical Superintendent of the Cheshire Lunatic Asylum, we have been favoured with a copy of the following letter, which Mr. Fennell forwarded to Mr. Bateman with the ancient articles mentioned in the catalogue :—

Conway, Dec., 1849.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 1st instant concerning Llandudno Copper Mine and the Cavern, which lately appeared in the newspapers; it is a fact that the miners came to this extraordinary place, and found there stone benches, which you have noticed in your letter, which were made out of rock; and many of the stone hammers were found at the time—they are of different sizes, and are from one pound weight to fifty, but are mostly of the same shape, which is oblong, and are of a bluish colour—and the bones, which are various sizes, which

were used in the olden times as chisels in getting the copper loose. But most of these curiosities are distributed to different parts of the country, which would not be easy to trace. Since getting your letter, I made inquiry of one of the miners who worked in the very cavern. He said, that the said cavern looked most beautiful on the first appearance, but they have since demolished the place by blasting for copper; but he says that he still works in the place where the Romans did work in olden times, which is only eighteen yards from the surface. He has got one of the stone hammers in his own house, which he brought, since I mentioned about your letter—the weight is $19\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.—and he has another one in the works, which he will bring with him in a few days, which will weigh, he says, about 2 lbs.; and he got one bone, which they used as a chisel, but he states he might fall in with more of the bones again. If you, Sir, happen to come this way, this miner above-mentioned will guide you safe through the works, and shew you all particulars concerning this work of the past ages.

OWEN JONES.

Mr. Bateman has also obtained an interesting set of primitive mining tools from the earliest works on Ecton Hill; they are boulders, which were used for pounding the ore, and stags' horns which have been tooled, but for what purpose is not so evident. Now the similarity of these ancient tools to those from Llandudno in Mr. Bateman's collection, is very remarkable. In each case boulders and stags' horns were found, but no other form of instrument; not the slightest trace of any metallic tool. Again, the Ecton Hill mine resembles that at Llandudno in copper alone being found; the entire absence of iron in either case being especially remarkable. We therefore strongly incline to the opinion that these mines were worked by the ancient Britons, long before the Roman invasion. The primitive nature of the instruments almost proves the inference, as we know that the Romans never used so clumsy a method of obtaining or pounding the ore; and, moreover, the use of bronze was well known to the inhabitants for a long period before that

of iron. The contents of the ancient barrows opened in Derbyshire have fully demonstrated that bronze instruments gradually displaced the use of stone ones ; and they in their turn gave way to those of iron—implements made of bronze and of stone being found in the same tumulus, also those of bronze with iron, but rarely or never stone with iron. Again, in the early barrows the horns of stags are found in great quantities, and frequently fashioned into various instruments ; Mr. Bateman has one which had evidently been used as a hammer head. The abundance of horns continually discovered shows that immense numbers of stags must have ranged through these isles before the armies of the Romans subjugated Britain. Holding then to the opinion that this ancient copper mine on the Ormes Head was excavated and worked by the primitive inhabitants of North Wales, long before Roman skill and science were introduced into this country by “the mighty masters of the world,” the old cavern discovered in 1849 cannot fail to be an object of considerable interest. The curiosity of the visitor may be gratified on application for admission to the agent. The entrance to the mine is by means of a tram road, through a tunnel on a level with the opening, and with sufficient head-room to prevent the passage from being unsafe or particularly disagreeable. “The NEW MINE,” which has been opened about fifty years, is on the south-west side of the promontory towards the Conway Bay : it yields a profitable supply of copper, and is under the management of Mr. Jones, of Vrondeg, on behalf of the owner, Mrs. Lloyd, of Cefn, near St. Asaph. The ore which is found between the lime-stone strata is a green carbonate of copper ; it is generally very rich, but exceedingly variable in quantity. While on the subject of the Ormes Head mines, which have obtained for the mountain among the hill-side dwellers the local appellation of the “Welsh

California," we may mention the Ty-Gwyn works towards the eastern side, which were taken by a Company with considerable spirit, and promising hopes of success, as an excellent bed of copper was discovered. But the speculation has proved unfortunate ; as just after the machinery was completed, the sea broke into the mine, the works were submerged, and have ever since remained under water, all attempts to keep out the flood having failed. The right of royalty in the mines belongs to the Bishop of Bangor, Lord Mostyn, and the Bodhyfryd family.

In Conway Church there is a remarkable epitaph to the memory of a Mr. Nicholas Hooke, who died in 1637, and whom his grave-stone describes as the forty-first child of his father, and himself the father of twenty-seven children. This Mr. Hooke, according to " Louis's Gleanings in North Wales," was " a branch of a very ancient family from Derbyshire ; he was a miner, and became a man of property ; but from whence he obtained the ore is not recorded." The probability therefore is, that he was originally employed in the lead mines of Derbyshire whence he emigrated to Conway or Llandudno, and doubtless worked at the mines of the latter place. Among the local superstitions of Wales is a curious belief in the existence of a mysterious race of supernatural guardians of mines, which Miss Costello thus pleasantly notices :—

" According to the traditions of the country, at least such was the belief in more simple and ignorant times, there is a sure way of discovering mines by attending to the warnings of a tribe of subterraneous spirits, called Knockers, to whom are known all the riches of the metallic mountains. The Knockers are not always to be trusted, as, like most spirits, they are fond of playing mischievous tricks ; but those who attend attentively, and with faith, to their movements, will seldom fail to be rewarded. The villagers in the neighbourhood of mines often listen at the mouth of the caverns ; and though these gnomes are not seen,

they have been frequently heard to carry on conversations together ; but they speak in so low a tone, that no one has ever been able to catch the meaning of their words. If a stream runs through a mine, it is a great convenience to these little people, who appear to be very clean and neat in their dwellings, and are often engaged in a great wash by the side of the subterranean water.

“ Several of the finest mines in Wales have been discovered in consequence of the diligence of the Knockers, for they have guided the miner to a rich vein more than once. They are sometimes heard by hundreds using their little hammers, ‘boring, blasting, and *beating down the loose* ;’ but though the mortal miners engaged in the same occupation constantly hear them, if they pause to remark the fact to each other, the gnomes stop also, and only resume their work when they find their fellow-labourers are busy. This has led some unbelieving persons to imagine that the sound is a mere echo heard in the caves ; but one who has had experience will tell how the Knockers avoid performing the same part of the work the others are engaged on ; and invariably are at one kind of occupation while they are busy at another. It is a singular piece of caprice on their parts, that when once the mortal miners have hit upon a fine vein, these little spirits discontinue their own labours, and are heard no more. Some venture to affirm that the Knockers are nothing more than the rushing or dropping of water ; certain it is, that miners are by no means terrified at their vicinity, feeling that they are fellow-workmen and good friends.”

We sincerely hope that these fairy miners may always be disposed to help forward the prosperity of Llandudno.

Not far from the Maes y-Facrell Mine Works, in an elevated position on the right hand as you proceed towards the town, is an ancient relic of Druidical times, usually denominated a CROMLECH, consisting of five upright unhewn stones, surmounted by another transversely. The name of this rude structure is Lletty-y-Vilast, an appellation which has reference

to the British Ceres, who was symbolized by the female greyhound. There are cromlechs with similar names in Glamorganshire, Cardiganshire, and Caermarthenshire. Whether these cromlechs were sacrificial altars or sepulchral monuments, is a question which has long occupied the attention of the learned, whose opinions have been divided on the subject; but all are agreed that they are the remains of a very remote period, dating back to a time when history fades into fable amidst the mists of antiquity; and early evidences of a physical and mechanical power, which caused them to be regarded as the works of giants or spiritual beings.

A masterly article in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1849, regards the cromlech as a stone erected for sacrificial or other purposes, in practising the rites of augury; or of impressing on the popular mind a political or religious principle. Its form is said to be clearly recognized in the Tripod at Delphi, from whence the oracular responses were delivered, and which may be looked upon as the model employed in the erection of altars connected with the various modes of practising divination, and intended also for the promulgation of laws, or for proclaiming some religious observances. The Druids devoted a great portion of their time to the study of astronomy, the phenomena of nature, the planetary system of the universe, and the magnitude of the earth and all visible objects. Every ordinance partook of a three-fold character; and their whole system of laws, science, and religion, was built upon the Tripod. “There cannot be a form better suited than the cromlech to embody the idea of that balancing and self-adjusting power which is found to control all the celestial motions, and to pervade the whole of the solar system.” This writer therefore concludes that the cromlech, in its figure, has a corresponding relation to the forms and institutions of civil government under the sway of the Druids; that

it is to be classed, not so much with memorials of a sepulchral character, as with those stone structures which were intended to embody, or represent, the attributes and virtues of invisible agents in the Pagan Mythology ; and from its probable origin in the schools of augury, its proper appellation, when restored to its pristine sound and meaning, would be the Awgrym-lech.

Mr. Woodward, in his “ History of Wales,” traces in these cromlechs testimonies to the origin of the Celtic nations, found at the extremity of both the divergent lines of tumuli which mark the course of some early migrations of the people from the south-west district of Asia. In Britain they are not at all rare ; in Denmark, the island of Zealand, and Sweden, they are seen ; while in both North and South America, remains of precisely the same character are described by travellers. Along with cromlechs are found in these islands, other and ruder monuments, consisting of immense single stones set upright ; in illustration of which we may refer to the oldest records we possess—the sacred Scriptures—for parallel instances. The pillars and stone altars, erected at various places and on important occasions, by the patriarchs, are indications of like customs. Celtic altars, too, appear to have been reared under an express prohibition of the use of the chisel or hammer ; and all the older remains to which we are now referring, seem to have been constructed after the fashion of the Divine command respecting the tabernacle service, under the Mosaic dispensation—“ If thou make Me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone.” Similar indications, Mr. Woodward observes, are afforded by the oldest remains in Greece and Italy, which (because of the magnitude of the stones composing them, and from the custom of referring all works transcending the supposed ability of the people of the day to mythical beings,) were in early times denominated Cyclopean. This

evidence he cites as “sufficient to shew that this island was peopled in very remote times, and that the earliest inhabitants were akin to those who first streamed forth from the fountain-head of the human family; whilst the cromlechs serve to connect the funereal mounds of these first Britons with the language that has been so long cultivated, and so carefully developed, and is still cherished as the especial badge of the nationality of the Welsh.”

With due respect to those who hold a contrary opinion, we cannot help thinking that the researches, which have latterly taken place in various parts of England, have accumulated a preponderating weight of evidence in favour of the belief that cromlechs denote ancient places of British sepulture.

Leaving the Cromlech you may pass by walks which command a beautiful succession of charming views, to another relic of Druidical times, the “Maen Sigl,” a Logan or ROCKING STONE, called here *Cryd Tudno*, St. Tudno’s Cradle. It is an immense stone, so equally poised that a slight push will put it in rocking motion. These singular stones, comparatively few of which are now found,—since their presumed sanctity has not preserved them from destruction where they could be made available for common uses,—have been pronounced by clever authors to be natural, and not artificial productions; having resulted, it is said, from the partial or almost entire destruction of seams in the masses of rock which were of a softer texture than the rest. The many instances cited however in Mr. Bateman’s work on “Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire,” would lead to the inference that they are of artificial origin, like the Tolmens or rock idols described in Borlase’s “Antiquities of Cornwall,” and were used in the mysterious rites of Druidical divination. These stones were regarded in former days with superstitious reverence; and Pennant

(A.D. 1773) says, “it is the conjecture of the learned, that the Druids made them instruments of imposition on their votaries, and, in case of any judicial determinations, pretended that none but their holy hands could move them ; and probably they were surrounded with a foss (as in this case), and had their prescribed road to keep off the vulgar, and give greater solemnity to the miraculous decision. The ingenious Bernier relates a superstition not very foreign from this. At Sendbrary, in the kingdom of Cachemire, the Brahmins, the Druids of India, shewed him a stone, which the strongest man could not lift ; yet eleven of those holy men, with the tip of their finger, could effect it by praying to their saint.” The stone itself at Llandudno is really no great marvel ; but the grey rocks on this part of the mountain are exceedingly romantic ; and the view from this spot is a lovely scene of singular beauty and interest.

To the east of the Rocking Stone, overlooking a grand marine prospect, are the remains of an ancient British fortress, PEN-Y-DDINAS. A wall of great thickness encircles the summit of the hill ; and within the area are many hollow circles, about twelve feet in diameter, edged with stones. This fortification the Rev. R. Williams, in his “History of Aberconwy,” describes as exactly similar to that on Conway town mountain, on Penmaen Mawr, and in many other places ; and it answered the same purpose, not for a constant residence, but only as a place of refuge on the approach of an enemy.

And now, before descending to the plain from this lofty rock, which has echoed the footsteps of so many departed generations, and whereon Time in his onward course has set up the landmarks of history, as memorials of his mighty pilgrimage, it may be well to gather up our thoughts, and reflect on the marvellous changes which have occurred since on these heights Druid priests, amidst the incantations of their mysterious

circles, invoked the patriotism of courageous barbarism in defence of their altars and their homes ; and the valour of British heroism vainly struggled to repel the incursions of Roman prowess. Here, in the primitive days of superstitious ignorance, has the worship of the people, like that of ancient Athens, been offered to the “ unknown God ;” and in these majestic solitudes, the language of natural religion has seemed to find fit utterance in the poet’s ejaculation :—

“ To Thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies ;
One chorus let all beings raise :
All nature’s incense rise !”

For time was, when amidst the shadows of night, and under the over-arching canopy of heaven, the chant has arisen and the prayer ascended :—sacrificial fires have burned on the highest mountains, and flared upwards to the midnight stars. Or, at the quiet dawn of day, on the sea-shore, while the waters rolled with their snowy foam just glimmering beneath the light of morn, and as the sun has arisen and tinted the distant horizon with beams of golden beauty, have men knelt to offer their tribute of praise and prayer ; and amidst the dewy splendour of the scene, and the grand music of the billowy ocean, the voice trembling with the heart’s needs has been heard ascending to the King of another clime.* But the worship of nature, grand and glorious as was the temple of the universe in which it was solemnized, failed to satisfy the intense longings after immortality ; it led only to the closed gates of paradise, and it was reserved for the religion of Christianity, not only to bless and sanctify the wondrous beauty of creation, but to “ open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.” And so, under its civilizing influences, the dim shadows of Druidical philosophy, and

* The Rev. J. W. Lester’s Orations.

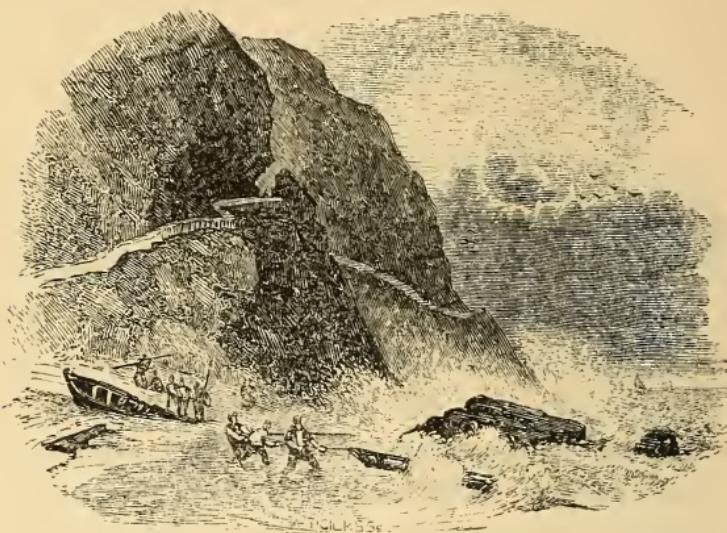
the dark clouds of a gloomy superstition have rolled away ; Britain rejoices in the broad day-light of freedom and knowledge, and has become the fairest spot that religion ever hallowed, or liberty ever blessed. The contrast is most cheering ; and so, with thankful hearts, and bodies invigorated by this fresh mountain-breeze, proceed we now to our evening refreshment and repose.

G O G A R T H.

HE south-western side of the Great Ormes Head remains to be described. Passing through the Church Walks into the fields beyond, where the path opens upon the Conway Bay, you turn to the right, and ascending a gentle slope on the green hill side, proceed by a farm, whose fertility pleasantly contrasts with the stern aspect of the surrounding district, to the ruins of GOGARTH ABBEY, the ancient residence of the Bishop of Bangor, who is Lord of the Manor. It was formerly a building of importance ; but only a few broken walls remain, with no architectural feature to determine their date ; although some keen sighted antiquarians have affirmed that the ruins exhibit traces of partly early and partly mediæval construction. Enough, however, is left to shew that this was an edifice of considerable note ; and recent discoveries of human bones have sufficed to mark the spot where the reverend fathers of the convent made their graves. It is said to have been an appendage to the Abbey of Conway, but the day of its glory had closed at an early period, for it was in ruins before the time of Leland, the celebrated topographer of Henry the Eighth's reign, who has preserved this record of it

in his Itinerary :—“ There is by Conwy, on the hither side of Conwy water, an arme like a peninsula, called Gogarth, lying against Priestholme, and ther be the ruines of a place of the Bishops of Bangor.”

“ The pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were.”



PENMAEN MAWR.

The marine and mountain views from the steeps of the promontory, Pen Gogarth, are beautifully diversified, and exceedingly majestic. The abrupt and rugged precipices of stupendous rocks, indented along the shore with wave-worn caves, into which the ocean rolls its rushing tides ; and scooped by the hand of nature into innumerable hollows, where thousands of sea-birds make their nests, form a remarkable scene of wildness and grandeur, which develops into still more impressive sublimity, as the projecting mountain is rounded towards Hornby Cave ; while the prospect across the Conway Bay, including the black range of Penmaen Mawr, the wood-crowned heights of

Conway, with the picturesque outline of its romantic Castle, and the intervening landscape, with its bright green hills and dales in all the freshness of luxuriant verdure, constitutes a living panorama which the dullest mind cannot contemplate without emotion. And when mountain crag and darkening woods, and the deep blue sea are tinged with the golden glory of the setting sun, the language of poetry is alone adequate to describe its beauty. Indeed, for magnificent views of sun-rise or sun-set, we may safely commend our readers to the summit or the declivities of the Great Ormes Head, whence the natural splendours of the opening or the closing day may be contemplated to advantage, and the raptures of poetic fancy fully realized.

It appears from geographical researches, that although Gogarth has its rocks now washed by the sea, it was formerly an inland mountain. Cantref Gwaelod, which is celebrated as a “most delicate vale, abounding in fruitfulness, and excelling all other vales in fertility and plentifullness,” extending from Bangor Fawr to Gogarth, and in breadth from Dygyvylchi (near Penmaen Bache) to the point of Flintshire, which came up from Rhuddlan to Priestholme; in the upper end it reached from Llanfair Fechan and Aber to the river Gell, which divided Arfon from Anglesea, and Anglesea from Flintshire. This river, or strait, flowed between Priestholme and Penmon, and discharged itself into the sea a great distance beyond Priestholme. The district belonged to *Helig ab Glanawg*, whose palace, which was destroyed by a flood of waters, stood about midway between Penmaen Mawr and Gogarth, over against *Trewyn-yr-Wylfa*, which place is supposed to have its name, “The point of the place of wailing,” at that period—for it was thither that the inhabitants with difficulty escaped, so sudden and overwhelming was the inundation. The Lavan sands also derive their name, *Traeth Wylofain*, from the same event, which occurred in the

beginning of the sixth century. This inundation is still recorded in the traditions of Wales. “The tragical occurrence was prophesied, it is said, for generations; and a threat had gone forth, that vengeance should overtake the family of Helig ab Glanawg for the crimes of his ancestors. Night after night, on the wild rocks and shores, amidst the hills and in the valleys, was heard the fearful cry of ‘Dial a ddaw! dial a ddaw!’ but the wailer was invisible to all. At length it came, and suddenly, as mighty calamities, even though dreaded, generally do;—there was a great feast in the house of Helig, and the guests forgot in their jovial carousal, that fate was only pausing to overtake them. They called for more wine, and a servant was despatched into the cellar to procure some, while the old harper sat leaning on his harp, and the tears ran down upon the strings; for his spirit foresaw some coming evil. They reproached him for his silence, and he put forth his hand to awaken the chords, when a cry struck his ear, and the next moment the servant who had gone for wine rushed wildly into the hall, shrieking—‘the tide! the tide!’ Those two alone had time to quit the house of Helig, and found safety in the mountains; all besides were swallowed—lands, flocks, and villages—by the impetuous torrent; and the fertile vale of Conway for miles was all one sheet of foaming waters, as it remains to this day. At a very low ebb, or with a strong south-west wind, waves may be distinctly seen breaking upon a causeway which runs into the sea at the Great Ormes Head; this is called the *Muriau, or the walls.*”

This traditional narrative has occupied the attention of many writers; and we may trace the story through the works of various authors from a very remote period. Mr. Pugh, in the narrative of his “Tour through North Wales,” under the title of *Cambria Depicta* (1812) says:—

“ Having left the island (Priestholme, commonly known as Puffin Island), we floated over the place where, tradition says, one Helig Voel ab Glanog, a chieftain of the sixth century, had great possessions, extending far into this bay ; but which were suddenly overwhelmed by the sea. It is said that at very low ebbs, ruined houses are yet seen, and a causeway, pointing from Priestholme-island to Penmaenmawr. This causeway, indeed, is easily visible ; the boatman placing me right over it, and keeping the boat’s head to the tide, enabled me to examine it well : but, though so clearly seen as to appear near to the surface, the man assured me that it could not be less than two or three fathoms below it. It seemed to be about nine feet wide, well built, with large massy stones cut into forms, of a light warm grey colour, in all respects like those on the sides of the adjacent isle. From the certainty of the existence of this causeway, we may venture to give credit to the existence of the remains of Helig’s houses. Helig, after the awful visitation just related, embraced a religious life ; and his twelve children followed his example.”

It will be observed, that this story of the sudden deluge bears a strong resemblance to the inundation which submerged the territory of St. Tudno’s father, in Cardiganshire, insomuch that some writers have described the ancient founder of Llandudno Church as the son of this Helig, which is certainly a mistake, as these disasters, though very similar, are unquestionably related as two distinct occurrences. Lady Marshall has made the Cymric Legend of the seventh century the subject of an interesting poem, entitled “ Helig’s Warning.” It opens with a description of the preparatory festivities to celebrate the

— “consecrating rite
Which Caw’s fair daughter should unite
To Helig’s high-born son.”

All is joy and gladness, brightness and beauty ;

And, ’neath his brows of white,
Old Gogarth’s vaulted aisles,

Decked for the coming rite,
 Beamed forth approving smiles :
 And floods of artful light,
 That chased the lingering night,
 Poured through rich storied panes, while all around,
 Harmonious chimes from towers aloft,
 Thrilled through the valley with sweet sound,
 Melting on Penmon's heights in cadence low and soft.

The bridegroom goes forth from his chamber, and the bride from her closet ; troops of damsels sing the praises of valour and beauty to the music of “the wreathy dance ;” banners flutter from each “rampart tower” of the palace : the hereditary Bard strikes his harp in honour of Cymric chivalry ; but amidst sights so brave, and sounds so gay, thrills the mysterious malediction—

“Vengeance is coming—Dial in Ddaw!”

The sage pours forth his strains of historic minstrelsy ; the procession goes forth in bridal pomp ; the rite is solemnized ; the banquet spread ; again the whispered denunciation appals the festive throng—but the feast proceeds ; the Chieftain and his twelve twin-sons, however, heed the warning, and betake them to the mountain desert : while the Lady-Mother with her eldest born and his bride scoff at the threatening woe, and join in the revels of the masque, when the avenging flood sweeps over the doomed abode ; and of all the carousing crowd, the cup-bearer and the harper alone escape to tell the tale of horror.

In truth it was a night
 Of growing horror—treble in gloom—
 Strange flits of light
 Deceived the sight,
 And an unwonted sound like ocean's boom,
 Through the loud wailing storm found room.

Kneeling in fervid prayer
 Upon the storm-swept ground,
 As meet at such an hour of fear,
 The aged seer they found.

The chief his penance shares
 First, at the altar rude ;
 And next the twin-born pairs ;
 Then of the multitude
 Who started on the dread ascent,
 Came straggling fews, and round it bent ;
 Whom darkness scared, or fear or toil subdued,
 Were up and down upon the desert strewed.
 And sometimes with the driving blast,
 Came shrieks of wanderers lonely cast,
 Bewildered in the trackless waste ;
 And mingling with the voice of woe,
 The solemn Miserere's flow,
 Led by the Saint and choired aloud
 Among the impassioned kneeling crowd,
 With awful symphonies combined,
 Deep diapasons of the wind.

* * * * *

First a pale yellow glimmer spread,
 As grudged from the reluctant sky,
 And smiling like the recent dead,
 A cold and mocking radiance shed
 Upon that carnedd gaunt and high,
 Which on the happy yesterday,
 Had worn an aspect almost gay ;
 Then gleamed on Penmaen's visage pale,
 And slow the eddying vapour scared,
 As some stern abbess dropped the veil,
 And her earth-scoring bosom bared :
 Down as the fleecy vesture rolled ;
 Came one by one in view the rocks,
 Deep caves and promontories bold,
 Home of the eagle and the fox.
 All—all was there, as it had been
 By every eager eye that gazed,
 Through infancy and manhood seen—
 But soon a sight their hearts amazed—
 What could it be—that cold grey sheet
 That seemed a reflex of the sky,
 Enwrapped the mountain's flowery feet,
 And hid the valley from the eye ?
 Can it or dream, or mist, or fancy be ? --
 'Tis the revengeful SEA !

Cottage and hamlet—tower and town—
 Forest and garden—farm and field—
 All in one ruin overthrown—

In one dark doom for ever sealed !
 Best the attempt forbear
 To paint the blank despair
 That paled each visage there ;
 For words are unavailing ;
 Yet was it ne'er forgot,
 From then till now that spot
 Is called the MOUNT OF WAILING !

Now from their depth of grief,
 The hermit and the Chief
 Recalled the frantic host, and kneeling,
 Praise to their God poured forth
 Who mingles with His wrath
 His mercy healing.

In thankful homage bowed,
 Himself and sons he vowed,
 Now landless all and lowly,
 Their lives thenceforward spent,
 Like him that Hermit-Saint,
 To service pure and holy.

The received account of this sudden submersion of a fertile and inhabited territory has naturally excited much discussion in this age of antiquarian investigation ; and not without the production of some important evidence. Thus a writer in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* observes :—

“ There are many proofs of the advancement of the sea along the coast to the north of Cardigan Bay. When the Roman army, under Suetonius Paulinus, invaded the Island of Anglesey, the cavalry crossed the Menai Strait partly by swimming over, and partly by fording it, according to Tacitus’s account. The place where the Romans crossed over the Menai is said to be near Porthamel, and now the river is about half a mile broad at low water, and many fathoms deep ; and near the same place Agricola and his forces crossed over, fifty years after Suetonius, when, as we learn from the same author, the infantry

and cavalry swam over and forded the river, having first gained information from the inhabitants, who were well acquainted with the fords, as to the method in the country of swimming over such places ; but, at present, it would be impossible to cross over any part of the Menai, in the manner described by the Roman author. There is a tradition similar to the one respecting *Cantre'r Gwaelod*, that the whole of that range of sand which extends from the vicinity of Beaumaris towards the Great Ormes Head, and called *Traeth y Lafan*, was overwhelmed by an inundation, and that it was then the estate of one *Helyg ab Glanog*, who lived at a place called *Dol Halyg*, in that neighbourhood. This calamity like the foregoing one, is said to have come upon the place unexpectedly during a great feast. A vast extent of inhabited country is supposed to have been over-run by the sea to the north of the town of *Abergele* ; and as a proof of this, we may cite an epitaph in the Welsh language, without a date or a name, stating that the person to whose memory the monument had been erected lived three miles to the north ; but three miles to the north of *Abergele* would now extend a long distance into the sea. Many other testimonials might be added, both from ancient records and traditions, to show that the sea has encroached upon the land on the western coast of Wales. But if the geological evidences could be examined along the whole line of coast, from *Pembroke*shire to the estuary of the *Dee*, I think much light would be thrown upon what has been already stated of the inundation of *Cantre* and *Gwaelod*."

And again, it is further remarked in the same publication :—

“ There is another and a more important tradition connected with this island, to the effect that it was once joined to the main land, in the direction of *Penmaen Mawr*, where now only the *Lavan* sands exist ; and a long spit of rocks, stretching out in that direction from the south-eastern extremity of the island, is said to be the remains of a causeway, used by travellers to arrive thither. The Menai Strait is said at that time to have

been only like a river, and to have had its exit into the main sea after passing through Penmon Sound, far out to the northwest of the island, where it was met by the Conwy flowing between Llandudno and Ynys Seiriol (Priestholme or Puffin Island). We only mention the tradition here, without going into a discussion upon its merits : but we wish merely to record our own opinion, from geological data, that though the course of the Menai and the outlines of its shores have undergone apparently more than one important change of form, we see nothing improbable in what the tradition states to have been the fact. But whether the final insulation of Ynys Seiriol had not taken place long before the religious community was settled there is certainly questionable, else the isolation of their retreat would not have been complete."

In the examination of this singular question, it should not be forgotten that Puffin Island is in the county of *Flint*, to which it is supposed it was once joined by an arm of land, running past the Ormes Heads from the neighbourhood of Rhyl.

CONWAY BAY.

ETURNING from Gogarth, a delightful ramble may be enjoyed on the firm sands of the Conway Bay ; and if, as Lord Byron sings—

“ There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ; ”

here is a spot where in social or moody humour such rapture may be felt ; presenting, as it does, a combination of attractions for the geologist, the antiquary, the student of natural history, or the pleasure-seeking lover of the picturesque. The sands are studded with most remarkable masses of rock and

immense stones, lying detached from each other in singular confusion, as if left by the subsidence of the waves or hurled thither by some extraordinary convulsion of nature; and, as there is an old tradition to the effect that the plain between the two bays was originally overflowed by the sea, another subject for learned discussion here suggests itself. These stones, which other accounts describe as remnants of the ground on which *Castell Tremlyd* formerly stood, are well worth examination; and along this pleasant and salubrious strand, there are numerous opportunities for studying "the wonders of the shore." The river, of which this bay forms the estuary, takes its rise from Llyn Conwy, among the mountains near Penmachno; and in its course of thirty miles, it receives the tributary streams of the various springs and torrents which "run among the hills," flowing through the lovely scenery of Bettws-y-coed, past the pretty village of Trefriew, and forming, by its meandering waters, a succession of apparent lakes down to Conway, whence it falls into the sea. Besides the usual kinds of fish common to most rivers, the Conway produces salmon of a fine flavour; *brwyniaid*, or sparlings, in the months of January and February; and sand-eels of the size of sprats, during the spring season. It has long been celebrated for its Pearl Fishery, which attracted the notice of the Romans. Pliny says that Julius Cæsar dedicated to one of the Temples in Rome a breast-plate set with British pearls—probably from Conway. There are two kinds of mussels found in this river, from which pearls are obtained—the *myd margaretifera*, *cragan y diluw*; and the *mytilus edulis*, *cragan las*—the former species being gathered high up the stream, and occasionally yielding pearls scarcely inferior in beauty to those of oriental climes. The finer pearls are seldom met with, although the shells, which are five inches and a half long and two and a half broad, are common. The

other variety is found at the mouth of the river, where, at ebb tide, the families of the fishers may be observed busily collecting the mussels, which are usually boiled in iron pots on the opposite marsh. The fish are picked out and put into a tub, and stamped with the feet till they are reduced to a pulp, when water being poured in, the animal matter floats, while the residue sinks to the bottom. After numerous washings, the sediment is collected and dried, and the pearls are separated with a feather, on a wooden platter. The gems are then sold to the agent, by whom they are transmitted in the natural state to the jewellers, among whom they find a ready and profitable market. The pearl mussel is not fit for human food. This peculiar fishery has now been in active operation for ages, and is said to be on the decline; but the published assertion of Mr. Bridge of Conway, who states that in the year 1851 he paid nearly £200 to the poor people of the neighbourhood for collecting them, would certainly lead to a contrary inference. One of the finer kind of Conway pearls was presented to Catherine, Queen of Charles II. by Her Majesty's Chamberlain, Sir Robert Wynne of Gwydir, and honoured with a place in the royal crown; which it probably yet adorns in testimony of the gallant Welshman's loyalty. During the reign of George III. Sir Richard Vaughan appeared at court with a button and loop in his hat set with Conway pearls. Miss Catherine Sinclair, in her own pleasant fashion, says, when she was at Conway (in 1833) "unluckily we had not time to wait until a necklace could be collected. The imitation ones are so excellent, however, that it was less to be regretted. Even oriental pearls are scarcely to be distinguished from those which originate in Bond-street; and the celebrated fringe worn by Mrs. Warren Hastings, which used to occasion so much discussion, would hardly be more noticed now than if they were peas. The Duchess of Ormond

formerly offered £80 to purchase a peculiarly fine Conway pearl ; and they were often sold for four guineas each when the colour was good. It is said that nothing preserves pearls so perfectly white as being constantly worn ; and that the Roman ladies, conscious of this, always slept in theirs.”

D Y G A N W Y C A S T L E .

 FURTHER walk along the shore (of less than half an hour) if visitors be so minded, will bring them to one of the most memorable places in the early history of Wales, the site of Dyganwy, which occupied two conspicuous hills on the Conway shore, but of which only a few earth-covered shrub-clad vestiges exist.

“ Its lofty towers no more ;
Not e'en the ruins of its pomp remain,
Not e'en the dust they sank in.”

Learned antiquaries are of opinion that the *Cangorum Civitas* of the Romans, mentioned by Tacitus, was at Dyganwy, (so named from the white waves breaking on the shore;) but that it was a town of the Ordovices, before the invasion of Julius Cæsar, is evident from the discovery there of weapons of war peculiar to the ancient Britons. The inroads of the Saxons subsequently compelled the chieftains of North Wales to pay some attention to the science of fortification, and to put their irregular towns into a state of defence. Maelgwyn Gwynedd accordingly fortified Dyganwy, early in the sixth century, and built there a strong castle, in which he afterwards held his court as the royal successor of King Arthur. An incident of a rather romantic character occurred here during his reign, in connection with the justly celebrated Bard, Taliesin, whose birth is involved in

mystery. He was discovered, when an infant, floating in a leathern bag in the salmon-weir, which belonged to Elphin, son of Gwyddno, who was joint proprietor with St. Tudno's father of the territory Cantref y Gwaelod, that was lost by the irruption of the sea. The salmon-weir (says the clever author of "Welsh Sketches,") was all he had to give his son, and of course it must have been a grievous disappointment to poor Elphin, coming on the tiptoe of expectation, to find a child to support, instead of a haul of salmon to support himself. However, he acted the part of a noble prince and a good Christian. He took the foundling home, and brought him up. So soon as he had attained the proper age he was placed in the monastery of Llancarvan, under Catwg the Wise, the first abbot. Here he became acquainted with Aneurim, and is supposed to have been brought under the notice of Urien Rheged, a Cumbrian chief, who had fled his native land and taken refuge in Wales. Urien was a kind friend to Taliesin, who, as in duty bound, has sung the praises of his patron. There is one production of the muse of Taliesin most honourable to him. In a family feud (such things will be) Elphin was taken prisoner by his uncle Maelgwyn, prince of North Wales, and confined in a strong Castle (at Dyganwy); Taliesin thereupon addressed to this harsh kinsman a poetical appeal in behalf of his benefactor. The petition was successful, Elphin was released; and the bard had the satisfaction of serving one friend and winning another, as Maelgwyn ever after became his staunch supporter. A poet would have to sing a long time nowaday before he sang a captive free. But ours is literally and metaphorically an iron age. The life of Taliesin appears to have glided tranquilly on, exempt from care or sorrow. Always a welcome guest at the castles of his admirers, he had a little hermitage of his own, to which he could retire when he wished: it was on the Lake Ceirionydd, in Carnarvonshire.

Dyganwy continued to be the residence of the Kings of North Wales until the year 810, when it was destroyed by lightning, and was never afterwards rebuilt by the Welsh. The ruins now discoverable are those of a fortress built by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, who held a grant of all places between the ancient city from which he took his title and “the Conway water.” Robert of Rhuddlan, a favourite of the Earl, held office at Dyganwy as Constable of the Castle, where his death occurred under somewhat singular circumstances. Mr. Pennant states that on July 3, 1088, Prince Gruffydd ab Cynan entered the Conway river with three ships, and landing under the Castle at high water, left the vessels on shore at the recess of the tide. He ravaged the neighbouring country, and drove towards the ships a great booty of men and cattle. The governor, indignant at this intrusion, descended from his fortress, attended by a single soldier, Osbern de Orgar, and without any defensive armour but his shield. The Welsh attacked him with missile weapons, and, filling his shield so full of darts that it fell under their weight, the enemy rushed on him, cut off his head, and, fastening it to a mast, sailed off in savage triumph. About a century after this event, the Castle was demolished by Llewellyn the Great; when the fortunes of war again fluctuated, and it was rebuilt in 1210 by Randle Blondevil, Earl of Chester. In 1211 King John, during his invasion of North Wales, encamped his army under its walls; but the strategy of Llewellyn having warned his Cambrian followers to remove their cattle and effects to the secure retreats of the Snowdonian mountains, and cut off all resources, the forces of the English monarch were soon reduced to great wretchedness, and compelled to a disastrous retreat. Enraged at this repulse, the King returned to Wales a few months afterwards with a more powerful army, crossed the Conway, and marched to Bangor, which his troops destroyed by fire, and

took the Bishop prisoner. Deserted by his vassal princes, Llewellyn sued for peace, which was successfully mediated by Joan, his Queen, who was King John's daughter. During this short period of Welsh humiliation, a nuncio from the Pope visited Llewellyn, denounced the English King as an open enemy to the Church of God, and gave strict command for his constant molestation and annoyance. The Cambrian chieftain, nothing loth, roused his countrymen to liberty and revenge. With ferocious promptitude they responded to his call, and carried fire and slaughter throughout the English settlements to the very gates of Chester. The alarming intelligence soon reached King John, whom it excited to barbarous reprisals; and on his arrival at the castle of Nottingham, where twenty-eight of the sons of the Welsh nobility were detained as hostages, he ordered the unhappy youths to be instantly hanged, and vowed he would not break bread till the execution of his bloody decree was accomplished. He prepared to return to Wales for the chastisement of the revolt, when news arrived of a formidable conspiracy against his throne and person, and compelled his presence in London. Llewellyn was not slow in taking sanguinary vengeance; he laid siege to the royal castles between the Dee and the Conway, all of which he captured; thus liberating his native land from the oppression of the English garrisons, his banner again floated triumphantly from the towers of Dyganwy.

During the reign of Henry III. a large body of English troops was marched into Wales, for the purpose of effecting its entire subjugation, and halted at Dyganwy in 1245, when John de Grey of Wilton was constable of the castle. Fearing to follow the Welsh into their strongholds among the mountains, the King of England would not venture to cross the Conway; and for ten weeks his forces suffered dreadful privations, being

exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and cut off, as in King John's days, from all supplies—the intervening country being in the hands of the Cambrian chiefs. There is preserved in the chronicles of Matthew Paris a letter, written in the autumn of that year by a nobleman in the royal camp to a friend in England:—“ The King, with his army, is encamped at Gannock, (the English name for Dyganwy), and is busy in fortifying that place, sufficiently strong already ; about which we lie in our tents, in watching, fasting, praying, and freezing. We watch for fear of the Welsh, who were used to come suddenly upon us in the night-time ; we fast for want of provision, the halfpenny loaf being now risen, and advanced to five pence ; we pray that we may speedily return safe and scot-free home ; and we freeze for want of winter garments, having but a thin linen shirt to keep us from the wind.” Then we have an account of a vessel from Ireland, laden with wine, stranded on the Welsh side of the castle of Gannock. There is a great struggle for the prize ; the English, at first, have the advantage. “ In their return back,” to take up the letter again, “ our soldiers, being too covetous and greedy of plunder, among other sacrilegious and profane actions, spoiled the Abbey of Aberconway, and burnt all the books, and other choice utensils belonging to it. The Welsh being distracted at these irreligious practices, got together in great numbers, and in a desperate manner setting on the English, killing a great number of them, and following the rest to the water-side, forced as many as could not make their escape into the boats to commit themselves to the mercy of the waves. Those they took prisoners they thought to reserve for exchange ; but, hearing how we put some of their captive nobility to death, they altered their minds, and in a revengeful manner scattered their dilacerated carcasses along the surface of the water.” The Welsh in the end, got the wine and burnt the ship. The letter finishes

in a melancholy strain,—“ And thus we lay encamped in great misery and distress for want of necessaries, exposed to great and frequent dangers, and in great fear of the private assaults and sudden incursions of our enemies. Oftentimes we set upon and assailed the Welsh, and in one conflict we carried away an hundred head of cattle, which very triumphantly we conveyed to our camp ; for the scarcity of provision was then so great, that there remained but one hogshead of wine in the whole army : a bushel of corn being sold for twenty shillings, a fed ox for three or four marks, and an hen for eightpence : so that there happened a very lamentable mortality both of men and horse, for want of necessary sustenance of life.” The Welsh nation are heavily censured for the barbarities perpetrated in their wars. The censure is just ; yet they might, and there are indications that they would, have acted better had the incentive of good example been set before them. The reader of the letter cited will have observed that the Welsh, in the first instance, intended to reserve their prisoners for exchange, and only altered their minds on learning that the English had put their prisoners of rank to death. Evidently, a soldier’s life in Wales held out no very agreeable prospect. Unpleasant reminiscences floating in the royal mind may have influenced the monarchs of England in their very liberal grants which they made to knights and barons of lands and possessions in Wales. Sitting in the palace of Westminster in regal state, signing, sealing, and delivering parchment rolls to the mailed petitioners who knelt at their feet, was a much more befitting and kingly occupation than watching, praying, fasting and freezing, pent up within the sea-washed walls of a dismal Welsh fortress.* Wasted by such misery, the English army retired without having gained any advantage ; but the succeeding

* Welsh Sketches, by E. S. A.

prince of Wales, Llewellyn ab Gruffydd, having successfully carried his arms into Cheshire, King Henry III. again invaded Wales, advanced without opposition as far as Dyganwy, where his progress was again checked, and he was ultimately compelled to make another inglorious retreat. In 1262, the Castle of Dyganwy, which from its strength and situation had proved a post of so much importance to the English and annoyance to the Welsh, was taken by Llewellyn and utterly destroyed. Here the military records of this celebrated fortress end, as it was never rebuilt. Conway henceforth became the great battle-place of Welsh heroism and English aggression, till the tragic death of Llewellyn in 1282 closed the national struggle, and Wales was annexed to the territories of the English Crown ; her people, as it has been eloquently said, being now more than repaid by a participation in equal laws and free institutions for the loss of a turbulent and sanguinary independence.

The remains of Dyganwy Castle (of which we borrow the description of the Rev. R. Williams) are on two small hills and the intervening ground. Its form was oblong, but the walls were very irregular, owing to the peculiarity of its site : the larger hill has its sides cut, so as to form a high precipice, and the wall was built on the edge of the summit ; the top of this has also been levelled, and the excavation in the centre formed the keep ; the wall ran down the south side across the intervening space to the summit of the second hill, about half of which it takes in ; it then returned, from east to west, to the north side of the precipice. There were two entrances, facing the north and south, which are easily to be observed ; they were evidently strengthened by towers and advanced works, which the remains of their foundations still indicate. The moat, now dry, is visible ; and on the summit of the first hill are portions of the walls : but the masses on the south are from

the upper part of the original wall, which, being undermined, was thrown down, and these lie out of the line of the foundations ; the angles were strengthened by towers of solid masonry. The name given at present to this castle is *Castell y Vaerdrev*. At no great distance, on the summit of a hill near Bryniau, is a tower which was probably an outpost of this castle. Its form is circular, being about twelve feet in diameter, and twenty in height. There are marks of two floors within, and there are three rows of square holes round the inside, none of which pass through the wall ; as about a third of the circle is open from top to bottom, and this opening being in the direction of the castle, it might be supposed that there were originally lines of walls, which, forming an angle, were strengthened by this tower ; but there are no remains whatever to corroborate this conjecture. The wall is very thick, and the masonry is altogether different from what remains of the castle ; it may therefore have been built at the time of the first fortification of Dyganwy by Maelgwyn Gwynedd.

LLANRHOS—(EGLWYS RHOS.)

 A PLEASANT walk across the fields, commanding glorious views of the adjacent country, may be taken from the ancient tower last described to the CHURCH OF LLANRHOS, which is very prettily situated about two miles from Llandudno, on the Conway road, at the foot of the wood-clad rock, Bryn Maelgwyn. The church is cruciform in shape—a nave with transepts ; it has an old oak roof and a carved font, and in its general aspect looks as if cared for by those who frequent its services. There is a stained-glass window of modern art over the communion table, with representations of



LLANRHOS CHURCH, NEAR LLANDUDNO

(*English Rhos*)



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, LLANDUDNO.

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a cross, the sacred dove, a death's head, and an "Agnus Dei;" and into this window have been gathered the fragments of one which adorned the church some centuries ago, and which, among other subjects, included a kneeling figure, wearing a herald's mantle, with the arms of Englefield; beneath are the words, *Fili Dei miserere me*, and in the next compartment, *Post armigeri qui hoc*. Mr. Pennant inferred from such portions of the maimed inscription as were legible in his days, that the knight represented Howel ap Tudor of Mostyn, who had probably given the window to the church. In the south transept is another painted window, the gift of the late Lady Mostyn Champneys of Gloddaeth, representing the nativity, the crucifixion, and the ascension of the Saviour, with figures of angels praising God, and offering the crown of thorns. There is also a painted window in the south wall, near the altar, consisting of figures of the three Christian graces: Charity in the centre, Faith on the left, and Hope on the right; and underneath is the name of the donor, "Mary Bridget Mostyn, Bodysgallen, A.D. MDCCCLIII." On a brass tablet in the north wall is the following memorial:—

"Near this place, in the Gloddaeth vault, lie the remains of Frances Mostyn, spinster, of Bodysgallen, who departed this life on the 22nd of February, 1827, aged 78 years and eight months. She repaired this dear little church—presented the painted window at the east end, and endowed the School.

No further seek her merits to disclose,
Or draw her frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of her Father and her God."

In the vaults under the south transept are interred the earthly remains of the ancient family of the Mostyns; but, with the exception of the memorial just quoted, there is no monument whatever, to mark their last resting-place, or to say who sleep

beneath. Lord Mostyn was entombed here in 1854, and his sister, the Hon. Miss Mary Bridget Mostyn, in February, 1856. In the church are monuments of the family of Colonel Hugh Wynne of Bodysgallen, of whom it is here recorded, that "at his own expense he raised a regiment of foot for the service of King Charles the First, and was a great sufferer for the Royal cause." In the churchyard there are gravestones to the memory of the Pughs of Penrhyn; and as an illustration of the universality of death's domain, let not pride read with a "disdainful smile" this record of an obscure destiny: "Here lieth the body of Poor Betty, who for upwards of fifty years was a houseless, wandering maniac—died, February, 1824. There is rest in heaven." The most remarkable historical event connected with this church relates to the death of Prince Maelgwyn Gwynedd, whom we have lately mentioned as the founder of Dyganwy Castle. It is recorded of him, that remorse for the sins of his life had induced the penitential resolution of retiring from the world to the sacred seclusion of a convent; but his faith was weak; he kept not his resolution, and returned again to affairs of earthly state. The pestilence of "the yellow plague" at that time afflicted the country, and to avoid its deadly infection he fled for sanctuary to the altar of Llanrhos; but his precaution was ineffectual, and he expired in the church, A.D. 566, according to the prediction of Taliesin, which being translated saith: "A strange creature will come from the Marsh of Rhianedd, to punish the crimes of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, its hair, its teeth, and its eyes are yellow; if he looks at it he will die." The old British poets, like those of Rome, usually personified disease. In this instance it was to assume the fascination of a basilisk, under the form of a fair woman, whose glance if gazed upon was fatal; and Maelgwyn having incautiously looked through a window, caught sight of the dreaded creature, and was thus

hopelessly stricken with sickness and death—as ancient bards do testify. Near to the church is the National School, where seventy children receive the benefits of useful and religious education. It was founded in June, 1822, and permanently endowed by the late Miss Frances Mostyn of Bodysgallen, whose memory will long be had in grateful remembrance for her many virtues and charities. There are two services in the church each Sunday—one in the English and the other in the Welsh language alternately, the Incumbent being the Rev. John Davies, M.A.

Before leaving this place, we would advise our readers to ascend Bryn Maelgwyn; the views from the summit of the hill command some of the most charming prospects in North Wales.

G L O D D A E T H.

 Ta short distance from Llanrhos stands, amidst sheltering woods, the mansion of GLODDAETH, one of the country seats of the Mostyn family. Its situation, on the slope of a far-stretching hill, is exceedingly beautiful; it is surrounded by gardens, pleasure grounds, and plantations, the extensive walks and drives through which develope a varied series of views, combining all the characteristic attributes of rural loveliness and mountain grandeur. Its sylvan retreats offer pleasant facilities for rides and rambles amidst the more sequestered scenes of nature's handiwork; and its terraces look out upon an amphitheatre of fertile fields and verdant hills, skirted by the deep blue sea on the one hand, and the majestic peaks of the British Alps on the other. “In these vernal seasons of the year,” says the immortal Milton, “When the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and

sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.” And surely, amidst scenes like these, may be pressed home upon the most thoughtless the query of another poet —

O ! how canst thou renounce the boundless store,
Of charms which Nature to her votaries yields ?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even ;
All that the mountain’s sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven ?

The woods of Gloddaeth abound in rare and curious plants, which will excite the interest and test the knowledge of the botanist. The estate came into the possession of the family of Sir Roger Mostyn by the marriage of his ancestor, Howel ap Evan Fychan, in 1460, with Margaret, daughter and heir of Gryffydd ap Rhys ap Gryffydd ap Madoc Gloddaeth ap Madoc ap Jerwerth Goch of Creiddyn, the hundred in which the house stands. The present mansion (which has lately been restored and renovated) was built by Sir Thomas Mostyn in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The entrance hall is one of those spacious apartments, quaint and venerable, with open timber roof and antiquated fire-place, which are at once associated in the mind with good cheer and open-handed hospitality, and many and merry have been the baronial feasts which have gladdened the hearts of tenantry and visitors in this old house of other days. Among the heraldic adornments, the arms of Queen Elizabeth, of her lordly favourite the Earl of Leicester, and of the Mostyns, are all conspicuously exhibited in close *juxta-position* — an obsequious compliment of the age, no doubt, to the power and influence of the courtly Earl. Over the fire-place is inscribed an old family motto ; “ *Heb Dduw, heb ddim ; Duw a digen*” —

“Without God, without everything ; God and plenty.” In the centre of an antique blazonment are the royal arms of Tudor, with the red dragon as a supporter (before the unicorn was adopted), surmounted by the legend, “God save our noble queene, Elizabeth, sende her long reigne, 1584 ;” there are two other compartments bearing the arms of the Mostyns with numerous quarterings ; above one of the shields is the motto, “Fear God, obey thy prince ; remember thy ende ;” and over the other, *Auxilium meum a Domino*, which latter the proprietor now retains. There is also some curious fresco-work in the hall. Gloddaeth was formerly celebrated for its store of rare books and manuscripts ; but these, with other literary treasures, have been removed to Mostyn Hall, the principal seat of the present Lord, who has there collected a choice and valuable library of works, illustrative of Welsh history and literature. Gloddaeth is now the country residence of Lord Mostyn’s eldest son, the Hon. T. M. Lloyd Mostyn, M.P., who married in 1855, the Lady Augusta, daughter of the Earl of Abergavenny.

At the entrance of Gaer Wood, on the top of a rock near the hall, are discoverable the outlines of a Maze, much larger than the one at Hampton Court ; and hopes are entertained that the Noble Lord may be induced to restore this labyrinth, for the amusement and exercise of the inhabitants and visitors of Llandudno.

L L A N D R I L L O Y N R H O S .

HE drive or walk from Gloddaeth in the direction of Llandrillo affords further opportunities for enjoying the charming scenery of this district. It leads through well-cultivated lands and fertile corn-fields to spots of

much historic interest, and views of great extent and beauty. Sweeping in a semi-circle from the rocks of the Little Ormes Head to the base of Penmaen Rhos, the sea forms a picturesque bay, beyond which the estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey, animated by ships of every size and nation, form a magnificent panorama ; and stretching inland from the shores the distant range of the Clwydian mountains bounds the landscape with their gracefully undulating ridges.

At Llandrillo are the ancient ruins of Bryn Euryn, formerly the palace of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, before his removal to Dyganwy in the sixth century ; and subsequently the residence of Ednyfed Fychan, the celebrated general and minister of Llewellyn the Great. There are also traces here of early fortifications, and coins and other evidences of Roman possession have been found. The valley to the south indeed is called Nant Sempyr, doubtless in remembrance of the Roman general Sempronius. The Church, which is prominently situated on a lofty hill, is an object of architectural and antiquarian interest. It appears from old chronicles that Ednyfed Fychan built a chapel here, under due license from the Pope ; and the structure raised by the Welsh hero formed the west half of the north aisle of the present church, with a small cupola at the west end ; this aisle was afterwards lengthened by the parishioners, when the Parish Church, which stood upon the shore, was destroyed by an irruption of the sea. The south aisle was added by the Ladies Conway who were descended from the ancient lords of the place, and were the last occupiers of the now ruined house of Bryn Euryn ; they also bequeathed a considerable sum of money for the erection of the present tower. Recent improvements have been made in the church, which for its own sake as well as its remarkably fine situation, is well worth a visit. The Rev. Thomas Parry, M.A., is the Vicar.

There are two services each Sunday ; and there is also a chapel of ease in the Colwyn district of this parish, where there is service in the Welsh and English language each Sunday.

P E N R H Y N .

PROM Llandrillo return to Llandudno by the romantic pass of Penrhyn, about two miles distant ; the road through the fields and along the rocky ravine, which is formed by the mountains on either hand, is singularly interesting and discloses, through its various openings, a succession of lovely pictures. Penrhyn was in former days a mansion of importance and celebrity ; but, like many other ancestral abodes of the olden time, it has now degenerated (we hope the term will be forgiven) into a comfortable farm-house, with a good homestead and capital orchards. It was for a long period the seat of the Pughs, who were descendants of the renowned Ednyfed Vychan, a stone carving of whose arms is upon the building. A date of 1590 above a fire-place, indicates the time at which the later portion of the house was built ; but there are authentic records of a mansion having stood there long before that period. Leland mentions "Place Penrine" as an "ancient stone house, by Est North Est, on the shore." The Pughs were attached members of the Church of Rome, and for many years after the Reformation maintained the worship of their own communion ; what was then the family chapel has long been desecrated as a stable, twenty-five long by fifteen wide ; but persons now living recollect the stone altar there. Some local traditions of singular interest exist respecting this place ; they are related after various modes of story-telling, but no author excels Miss Costello in narrating tales of love and mystery. There is, says the accomplished

tourist, a story told of some former inhabitants of Penrhyn singularly confirmed by accident not many years since. Two sisters and a brother possessed the house and estate, but they did not live in harmony, and the brother resolved therefore to change the scene and travel abroad ; before he set out, as he imagined he might be absent some years, and felt that he could not altogether trust his sisters to recognise his identity if time should have wrought much change in his then youthful appearance, he resolved to take some precautions which should prove his knowledge of the premises. His expedient was simple enough for it was to place a needle between one of the joists of the ceiling in a small kitchen, and to drive the tooth of a harrow into a pear tree in the orchard. He departed, and year after year passed away, yet he never returned : his sisters remained in possession, and, having little affection for him, were quite content that he should leave them undisturbed. At length, when they had long ceased to think about their brother, they were surprised one day by the arrival of a “wretched ragged man,” who seemed entirely destitute, was worn and wearied, and to their consternation proclaimed himself the master of the mansion. They heard his tale with indignation, and insisted on his being an impostor ; he, however, called several persons to witness what he could disclose, and pointed out the place where the needle was rusted in the wood, and the bark of the pear tree had grown over the harrow tooth. His asseverations were nevertheless vain, and the cruel sisters ordered him to be ignominiously chastised and driven from the place. He retired to the cottage of a peasant near, who had no difficulty in recognising his young master, in spite of his altered appearance, and there he remained for a time endeavouring to persuade his unnatural relations to do him justice. One day he left the cottage, and his return was looked for in vain, nor was he ever seen from that moment. The sisters retained possession

but nothing went well with them afterwards ; the blood of their brother cried from the ground, and it refused to yield its crops : the lightning descended and destroyed their stacks, the fruit trees withered, and the flowers perished. They were hated and avoided, and no one witnessed their death. The family became extinct, and the estates were sold. The farmer who became possessor, many years after, having occasion to build a lime-kiln, discovered in a fissure of the rock just behind the house, which had been carefully filled with earth, a perfect skeleton, which was no doubt that of the unfortunate brother of the two murderesses.

Another legend of Penrhyn Place is of later date. The family of Pugh, who then possessed it, were Roman Catholics ; in their establishment was a priest, named William Guy, who was a gloomy and bigoted man ; and, preyed upon by his religious enthusiasm, he entered into a plan with others to exterminate all the Protestants in the parish of Creiddyn, which includes all the district to the east of Conway between the river and the sea. He carried on his machinations as secretly as possible, and it was agreed that a large body of men should meet at Penrhyn in the dead of the night, and, headed by the priest, should sally forth and commence their work of slaughter on their unsuspecting neighbours. A man servant belonging to the family at Gloddaeth, not far distant, was attached to a young girl in the service of Penrhyn, and came secretly to visit her while preparations were going on for the reception of the band of assassins who had been gained by the priest. A quantity of provisions was laid in, and much bustle had been observed by him in the house. The lover easily persuaded the young girl to tell him her suspicions ; and finding that some extensive plot was on foot, he hastened home and informed his masters of the fact. An application was immediately made to the military in the vicinity, a troop of horse procured, and Penrhyn Place was invested. The conspirators

had, however, become alarmed, and none of them were discovered. Guy himself was missing and could not be traced ; for he had chosen for his hiding place a dismal cavern, ninety feet below the summit of the steep rock called Rhiwleden. Here he remained concealed for some time, till one day, as the searchers were hovering on the coast in a boat, they observed a light smoke issuing from the cave. With great difficulty, for it was nearly inaccessible, they gained the spot, and there they found the priest in his lair. He was executed in a field below the rock, for his guilt was clearly proved ; and the arms intended to be used for the massacre were discovered in a cave which communicated with the house. Some years after this, the family deserted the unlucky mansion, and on examining the few articles left behind, the neighbours found an old chest, which, on being opened, disclosed a withered hand, supposed to have belonged to the priest Guy.

Having thus beguiled the way with these local traditions, we emerge from the mountain gorge, pass the pleasant residence and well-cultivated farm of Bodafon, whence there is a beautiful view of the sea and the intervening landscape, and again descend by the Conway road into the town of Llandudno—one of the most charming rides or rambles which can possibly be enjoyed within so short a distance.

LITTLE ORMES HEAD.

 **N**OTHER delightful excursion of a few miles may be made by those who like to combine a pleasant row or sail with a rural walk, if a boat be taken to the Little Ormes Head, the rocks of which are remarkably interesting and romantic. In the projecting part of this notable promontory

there is a singular cavern, known by the natives as Ogo Cythraeliad, “*The Devil’s Cave*,” which is accessible only by water. The naturally arched entrance, even on a near approach, seems too low to admit the ingress of a boat and crew ; and so strong is this conviction, that we have known parties when within a comparatively short distance refuse to proceed through the chasm ; but there is head room enough at a proper state of the tide to ride safely into the cave, which forms a lofty hall in the natural rock, lighted and ventilated from an aperture at a considerable height, with a convenient landing-place to enjoy the examination of this marine apartment, which seems to have been excavated by the hand of nature for the resort or protection of those ancient mariners who ploughed the seas when the science of navigation was in its infancy. Further on in the sea-worn precipices of this massive rock is another remarkable cavern, called Eglwys Wen, or “*The White Church*,” whose romantic beauty, with a calm sea and sunny weather, will not fail to interest and impress the visitor. Rounding the head, we reach the old weir of Rhos Fynach, the *Marsh of the Monks*, off which large supplies of fine fish are taken, and have been so, no doubt, from time immemorial ; for, according to old chronicles of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an exclusive grant of these fisheries was thought worth obtaining from the Earl of Leicester by an ancestor of the present proprietor. Near the weir is Capel Trillo, or *St. Trillo’s Chapel*, a small edifice, enclosing a well of water, where the pious doubtless assembled in former days to “drink and pray” as at the “blessed spring” whence the dying thirst of *Marmion* was slaked—

—“A little fountain-cell
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone-basin fell,

And above which—

—“some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray.

A landing may be pleasantly effected off Llangystenin, where there is another ancient Church containing many curious relics and fragments to excite the interest of the archæologist ; and the scenery is exceedingly beautiful. The walk may be extended at pleasure, and within a convenient distance to Llandrillo and Bryn Euryn (whence Pwll-y-Crochon, the pleasant mansion of the Dowager Lady Erskine, with its picturesque slopes, will be noticed,) and through Penrhyn Pass to the eastern point of Llandudno Bay under Bryn-y-bia, where the boat may be in waiting for a row homewards ; or, if preferred, a stroll along the beach will complete a most delightful excursion.

RIDES AND RAMBLES.

ND now that we are upon the subject of excursions, it may be useful and desirable that we should intimate to visitors where, how, and upon what terms, the means of locomotion are obtainable. In the first place then, comfortable cars, phætons, and carriages, "with good horses and steady drivers," may be had on application at all the principal hotels ; and ponies, mules, and donkeys may be hired at their appointed stands at Tynyrhwylfa and Tynypwll field. Bye-laws for the proper regulation of "Hackney coaches, horses and donkeys for hire," have been adopted under the provisions of the Llandudno Improvement Act, by which the following fares have been prescribed :—

FARES FOR HACKNEY COACHES,
OR OTHER CARRIAGES, OR FLYS, DRAWN BY HORSES OR MULES.

FARES FOR TIME.

TO COMMENCE FROM THE TIME OF LEAVING THE STAND.

	1st Class,	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.
For every half-hour, or any less time.	1 6	1 0	0 6

FARES FOR DISTANCE.

For any distance not exceeding half a mile, including the distance from the stand or place from whence the coach, carriage, or fly shall be called, to the place where the fare shall be taken up..... 1 0 0 9 0 6

The Classes are thus defined :—

The hackney coaches, or other carriages, and flys, of the undermentioned classes, shall, if required, carry the following number of persons, Two children under the age of seven years to be considered as one person.

FIRST CLASS.—Coaches, or other full size carriages, drawn by two horses, shall, if required, carry four persons inside, and one on the box (exclusive of the driver), except chariots, which shall, if required, carry three inside, and one on the box (exclusive of the driver.)

SECOND CLASS.—Coaches, or other full-size carriages, or flys drawn by one horse, shall, if required, carry four persons (exclusive of the driver.)

THIRD CLASS.—Small chaises, or other carriages, or flys, drawn by one or more pony or ponies, mule or mules, shall, if required, carry two persons (exclusive of the driver).

The usual regulations for preventing extortion, and securing as far as practicable, both regularity and civility, are also included in the bye-laws, by which the fair claims of the proprietors and drivers are likewise protected.

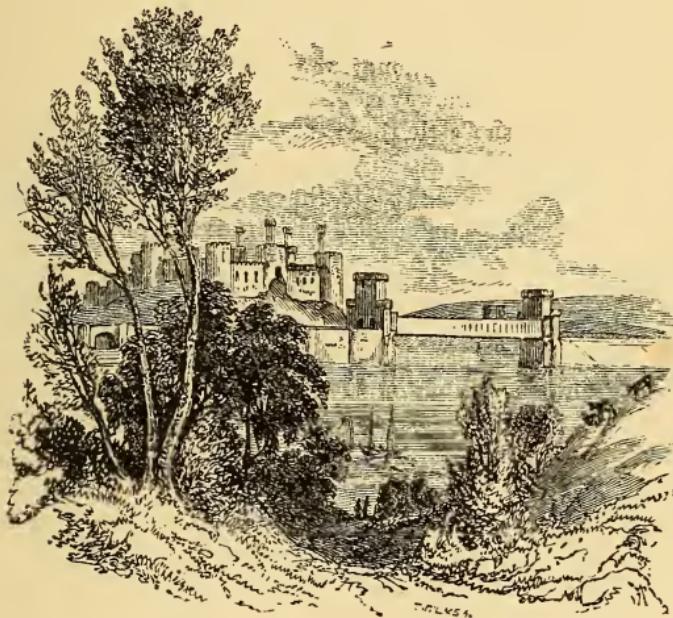
DISTANCE FROM LLANDUDNO.

	Miles.		Miles.
Aber (by Conway).....	13	Llandulas	13
Abergele	16	Lanberis.....	40
Bangor	18½	Llansaintffraid	6
Beaumaris	21	Llanrhos	2
Bettys-y-coed	19	Llangystein	4
Bethesda	19	Llandrillo	3
Bodafon	2	Menai Bridge	18
Carnarvon	26	Mochdrai.....	4
Colwyn	9	Pwllycrochon	5
Capel Curig	21	Rhiwleden	2
Conway.....	4	Tywyn	2½
Gloddaeth	3	St. Tudno's Church	1
Llanrwst	16		

The drive from Llandudno to Conway, a distance of four miles, is remarkably picturesque and interesting ; the road winds through the village of Llanrhos, at the foot of Maelgwyn, close past the Church, developing, as you proceed, rural prospects of the woods of Gloddaeth and Bodysgallen on the one hand, and a finely diversified panorama on the other. Rising the hill from Llanrhos, the gables of the beautifully situated mansion of Bodysgallen are seen rising over the trees of the surrounding plantations, which adorn its pleasure grounds, and clothe the adjacent rocks with their cheerful greenery. Here was an ancient residence (some remains of which still exist) of Caswallon, sovereign of North Wales during the fifth century ; the present house has been built at different periods, and is now a most comfortable and commodious dwelling. In the time of Henry VIII. it was in the possession of Richard Mostyn, whose only daughter was married to Hugh, son of Gruffydd Wynne of Berthdu ; their heir, Robert, was the father of the celebrated Colonel Wynne, who was so distinguished for his loyal attachment to the cause of Charles the First. In 1762 the male line ended ; the estates passed to Margaret, daughter of Dr. Hugh Wynne ; and by her marriage with Sir Roger Mostyn, Bart., of Gloddaeth, Bodysgallen became the property of the latter family. The last of the Wynnes is memorable in Welsh annals for his extensive hospitalities at Christmas ; his bills of fare on such occasions being preserved and set forth with all the circumstantiality of a London alderman's feast in the records of the period.

Beyond Bodysgallen, in a charming situation under a lofty rock, is the mansion of Marl, a place of some celebrity in former times, but now unoccupied. It was reduced to a ruinous condition by a fire which arose from negligence in airing books. The Marl estate is the property of Colonel Williams, of Craig-y-don.

Descending the hill, the road winds round to the left and runs along the shore of the river, whence exceedingly romantic and lovely views of the ancient Castle and Town of Conway are obtainable. On reaching the embankment, the road turns abruptly to the right, and conducts you over the estuary by an elegant suspension Bridge, beneath the towers of the Castle, into the interesting town of Conway.



CONWAY.

CHE approach from the eastern side into Conway—or in Welsh topography Aberconwy—was formerly by means of a ferry, which at low water was exceedingly inconvenient, and at full tide rather formidable, from the rapidity of the current over a width of more than half a mile. Many anecdotes of the fatal perils of this passage are extant;

among which we may mention that on Christmas Day, 1806, the boat carrying the Irish mail-coach was capsized during a heavy swell, and thirteen persons were drowned. It was always regarded as an uncomfortable, and very often as a dangerous passage ; in his burlesque " *Voyage to Ireland*" Charles Cotton, a poet of the seventeenth century, describing his tour through Wales with the broad humour which was then very popular, says :—

“ Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
And in safer travelling mending our speed :
Redland Castle and Abergoney we past,
And o'er against Connnoway came at the last :
Just over against a Castle there stood,
O'th right hand the town, and o'th left hand a wood ;
'Twixt the wood and the Castle, they see at high water
The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter ;
And besides, upon such a steep rock it is founded,
As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape being drowned :
Perhaps though in time one may make them to yield,
But 'tis pretti'st Cob-castle e'er I beheld.
The sun now was going t'unharness his steeds,
When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the weeds,
Came in as good time as good time could be,
To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea ;
When scurvily landing at foot of the fort,
Within very few paces we entered the port,
Where another ' King's Head' invited me down,—
For indeed I have ever been true to the crown.”

The necessity of improving the means of communication between England and Ireland having become apparent to the Government, it was determined to form a better road along the coast, which involved also the construction of a chain bridge over the Conway by the celebrated engineer, Mr. Telford. It was begun in the year 1822, and finished in 1826. Its width, measured between the centres of the supporting towers which are made to harmonise with those of the Castle, is 327 feet. The road-way is made of layers of plank, affixed by vertical

bars to two sets of suspending chains, each of which contains four chains, and each chain five bars ; the chains are extended from the towers over the road-way, and are fastened into the rock under the Castle on one side, and deep into an insulated rock on the other side of the channel. The embankment across the sands is 2013 feet long, and is constructed of mountain clay faced with loose stones, which have formed a firm barrier against the violence of winds and waves. The cost of the Bridge, according to a Parliamentary return, was £58,001 14s. 5d. It is a noble specimen of mechanical genius ; and the admirable taste with which it has been made to form so appropriate and characteristic an approach to the Castle, (having all the effect of a vast drawbridge to the fortress) is universally commended.

Conway, with its glorious castle, its ancient walls, and ruined fortifications, is the most romantic and interesting town of the Principality, and a most quaintly suggestive example of a mediæval military station. No wonder, then, that it is a place of great attraction to tourists ; and that an examination of its unique peculiarities should often engage the attention of our learned societies. Accordingly, in the month of August, 1849, the British Archæological Association, which was then holding a Congress at Chester, made an excursion to Conway, for the purpose of exploring its singular antiquities. On that occasion a lecture on the History of Conway Castle was delivered by Mr. John Hicklin of Chester, within the picturesque ruins of that ancient building. A great degree of interest was excited ; and many gentlemen of eminence in the various departments of archæology, general literature and science, expressed their high gratification at the pleasure and information which they had derived from the delightful excursion. The proceedings were fully published under the direction of the British Association ; but as the report has for some time been out of print, and its

re-production has been requested by many influential parties, we take this opportunity of presenting an abstract to our readers.

CONWAY CASTLE.

MR. HICKLIN commenced by observing in the words of an accomplished tourist—It is not merely the curious sight-seeing propensity, that faculty so rife in all travellers, that is to be gratified in the examination of Conway Castle. There is the rich and comprehensive faculty of mental reflection to be brought into exercise upon such an interesting object: there is the philosophy of history traced in deep lines upon its mouldering ruins. This Castle was reared at the distant era of the Crusades. Its peculiar Moorish architecture attests that its type belongs to eastern lands, and we know that its erection followed close upon the return of its founder, who had led the hosts of England from their homes to essay the recovery of the holy sepulchre from the hand of the Saracen, in that strange war of mingled superstition and religious enthusiasm. Its history spreads over a series of events, and a space of time that comprehends the most important facts which belong to European society, and includes those changes in the condition of the human family which reach from a state of abject slavery and social barbarism to that of personal freedom and national refinement. The transition state had been long and cruel: but to look upon these mysterious ruins in a suitable state of mind, is to read the page of history at a glance. In nature (says Mr. Roscoe, describing his visit) all things continued as from the beginning; but a momentous change had passed over this work of man's device. High over head shone the polar star in its pristine brilliancy. The planet Mars was completing in radiant beauty his transit, as when, at the creation, he rolled upon his sphere, amidst the song of the morning stars; the mighty ocean was setting in with his murmuring tide, just the same as when at first he received that law which his dark waters have never since ceased to obey. All these features of nature remained perfect and unaltered, but the hands that had wrought the strong masonry of that fabric; the chivalric array that had passed and re-passed those massy gates, “clad in burning arms;” the warlike bands that had thronged those broad battlements in the day of conflict; the noisy burghers that had raised



CONWAY, FROM THE LLANDUDNO ROAD.

Published by Catherine & Pritchard, Chester.

tumults in the city when their civil rights were restricted, or their purses mulcted by feudal despotism or regal extravagance, had all “passed away to be no more seen.”

And in the same spirit a modern poet has the following reference to an ancient ruin—in an imaginary conversation between a sage and two spectators ; the one of whom is a common-place gazer, and the other an intelligent observer.

Sage.—What seest thou ?

First Spectator.—A pile decayed,
Bricks in cunning fashion laid,
Ruined buttress, moss-clad stone,
Arch with ivy overgrown,
Stairs round which the lichens creep—
The whole a desolated heap !

Sage.—What seest thou ?

Second Spectator.—Memorial of olden time,
Telling of the feudal prime
And the glorious pageantry,
Waking heart and kindling eye,
And the deep and solemn lore
Learned by hearts that beat no more,
Vows of faith and high emprise,
Knightly valour, love-lit eyes ;
Woman’s whisper, trumpet’s breath,
Noble daring, valiant death ;—
More than history *can* give
With these ruined towers doth live !

The Sage.—Thus it is that vacant air
MIND informs with visions fair.

After some suggestive observations in illustration of this position, Mr. Hicklin proceeded to quote, with comments, the following passage from that remarkable work, “The Seven Lamps of Architecture.” It is as the centralisation and protectress of the sacred influence of memory, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears ? how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another ? The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world : there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture ; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality ; it is well to have, not

only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles: and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians. And if indeed there be any profit in our knowledge of the past, or any joy in the thought of being remembered hereafter, which can give strength to present exertion, or patience to present endurance, there are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate: the first, to render the architecture of the day historical; and, the second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritance, that of past ages. * * * * * For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy of nations—it is in that golden stain of time that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of Architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men; till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life. (Cheers.)

The speculations of the antiquarian, and the records of our old chroniclers, supply us with much interesting information respecting that early period, which stretches so far back into the mist of ages, that the search for truth “ craves wary walking.” It is abundantly clear, however, both from published documents and existing remains, that the locality in which we

are now assembled has been remarkable for many transactions of importance during the possession of this country by those ancient masters of the world, the Romans ; the wars of the Saxons ; the incursions of the Danes ; and the disturbed reigns of the native Princes, Sovereigns of the Principality. Our business, however, on the present occasion, is more especially with the history of that castle, amidst whose majestic ruins we are now assembled.

In his elaborate work on Architectural Antiquities, Mr. Britton remarks, that “under the Edwards some considerable changes were introduced into architecture ; and the first Monarch of that name certainly cultivated the arts and elegancies of life, as may be fairly inferred from the crosses, and ecclesiastical structures erected by his commands.” “At length,” says Mr. King, in Vol. VI. of the *Archæologia*, “came the grand and noble piles of Edward the First, manifestly derived from the opportunity of seeing, during the Crusades, the various refinements and improvements in foreign countries ; when at length the idea of the castle was nearly swallowed up in that of the palace. Edward the Third completed the idea of the palace, and that of the mere castle began to be lost.”

Having resolved to complete the subjugation of Wales to the English Crown, Edward the First was naturally anxious to strengthen his power in those places of security where he could best support his authority, by curbing the pride of the Barons, who might attempt to thwart his schemes, and by suppressing the revolts of his discontented subjects. Independently of the romantic and picturesque scenery by which the rock of Conway is surrounded, its situation afforded a most advantageous post from which its defenders might observe the slightest indication of any hostile movement ; the passes might easily be rendered perfectly inaccessible ; and unless treachery was in the garrison, the fortress might be considered impregnable before the use of artillery. We may readily conceive the burning feelings of vexation and despair, with which the friends of Welsh independence would contemplate the building of this towering fabric of English pomp and power ; from whose battlements the meteor flag of England would then seem to them as an odious trophy of triumphant oppression ; and this strong feeling of national resentment would derive increased bitterness from the recent slaughter of their intrepid Chieftain Llewellyn, whose head the victorious King had received as a welcome gift in the

Abbey of Conway ; as well as from the fact, in distrust of the holy fathers of that Monastery, which had been founded by an ancestor of the slain Prince, Edward had given orders for their removal to a new foundation at Maenan, near Llanrwst. The Castle of Conway was completed in 1284, under the personal inspection and direction of King Edward ; and Henry de Elretton, the builder of Carnarvon Castle, was the architect employed. There were giants in the earth in those days, for the grandeur and magnificence of this structure both as to design and effect cannot be too warmly admired. “ *Si monumentum queris, circumspice.* ” (Cheers.)

After size and weight, says an able writer, “ the power of Architecture may be said to depend upon the quantity of its shadow ; and it seems to me that the reality of its works, and the use and influence they have in the daily life of men, as opposed to those works of art, with which we have nothing to do but in times of rest or pleasure, require that it should express a kind of human sympathy by a measure of darkness as great as there is in human life ; and that as the great poem and great fiction generally affect us most by the majesty of their masses of shade, and cannot take hold upon us if they affect a continuance of lyric sprightliness, but must be serious often, and sometimes melancholy, else they do not express the truth of this wide world of ours, so there must be in this magnificent human art of architecture some equivalent expressions for the trouble and wrath of life ; for its sorrow and its mystery ; and this it can only give by depth or diffusion of gloom, by the frown upon its front and the shadow of its recess. So that Rembrandtism is a noble manner in architecture, though a false one in painting. But since the thirteenth century, we have built like frogs and mice, except only in our castles (and perhaps Mr. Stephenson would add, in our railroads). Until our street architecture is bettered, until we give it some size and boldness, until we give our windows recess and our walls thickness, I know not how we can blame our architects for their feebleness in more important work ; their eyes are inured to narrowness and slightness ; can we expect them, at a word, to conceive and deal with breadth and solidity ? They ought not to live in our cities ; there is that in their miserable walls which bricks up to death men’s imaginations, as surely as ever perished forsaken Nun. An architect should live in cities as little as a painter. Send him to our hills, and let him study there what Nature under-

stands by a buttress and what by a dome. There was something in the old power of architecture which it had from the recluse more than from the citizen. We have sources of power in the imagery of iron coasts and azure hills ; of power more pure, nor less serene, than that of the hermit spirit which once lighted with white lines of cloisters the glades of the Alpine pine, and raised into ordered spires the wild rocks of the Norman Sea ; which gave to the temple gate the depth and darkness of Elijah's Horeb Cave ; and lifted out of the populous city, grey cliffs of lonely stone into the midst of sailing birds and silent air." (Cheers.)

After an apology for his lack of architectural knowledge, Mr. Hicklin proceeded to describe the Castle. Its form is oblong, and it is erected on a high rock at one corner of the triangle which encloses the town. One side is bounded by the river, another by a creek which is full of water at every tide, and into which the river Gyffin flows ; the other two sides are within the town walls. On the outside eight massive and enormous towers, forty feet in diameter, project ; four on each side ; and there was a winding staircase to the summit in a smaller tower contained in each, which in the four nearest the river issues out to the height of several feet, and form an exceedingly beautiful addition. The summit of these commands an extensive view of the adjacent country. The walls and towers are embattled, and vary from twelve to fifteen feet in thickness. The principal entrance was from the town at the west end by a drawbridge over a very deep moat ; this leads by the ascent of a few steps to a spacious terrace, protected by five small towers, and intervening walls ; thence through a gateway defended by a portcullis, to the larger court. This contains on the south side the noble hall, which is 130 feet long, 32 wide, and of a proportionate height, about 30 feet ; out of this was partitioned off, at the east end, a chapel with a large window. The roof was supported by eight fine Gothic arches, four of which still remain ; one fell about forty-four years ago ; it was warmed by a great fire-place at one end, and two others, one on each side ; there are six windows to the country, and three larger ones to the court ; underneath were the spacious vaults which contained the ammunition for the use of the garrison ; and also the cellars for provisions. At the east end of this court is the reservoir, 15 feet in diameter and 20 deep ; the water which supplied it is traditionally reported to have been conveyed in pipes from a well above Ty gwyn. It

has been said that portions of pipes have been met with, when ploughing fields in that neighbourhood; and tradition also records that the enemy by discovering these pipes, at one time forced the garrison to surrender; this reservoir has two apertures on the south side, by which the water was admitted; and opposite there is now to be seen a stone pipe which conveyed the water into the moat, when it rose too high. The entrance into the inner court is by a passage through a strong wall, ten feet and a half in thickness, which on the outside has a sentinel's lodge, who could see through a loop hole every one coming from the chief entrance. On the right in this court is one of the state rooms, 29 feet by 22; a beautiful arch which supported the roof remains perfect, a second has long ago been destroyed: the windows look into the court. Between this room and *twr y brenin*, or the King's tower, was the King's chamber, which communicated with that of the Queen on the opposite side; the north tower is called *twr y vrenines*, the Queen's tower; and the room on the first story contains a recess taken out of the wall, which is the only place with any appearance of ornament in the Castle; it is formed by seven pointed and groined arches uniting with each other at the roof, and under them are more arches, with a basement all round. This recess, which with the adjoining room, was the Queen's private Chapel, contained the altar table, and on both sides are small apertures communicating with two apartments. That such was the use of this place is corroborated by the circumstance, that this is the only room in any of the towers above the ground floor, which does not contain a fire-place. The diameter of the inside of the towers is about 18 feet; these consist generally of two stories, with the ground floor, which was chiefly used for keeping stores. The King's tower has a strong room below, which was accessible only by a trap door; but the keep, or *twr y carcharorion* is the second on the south side, adjoining the hall, from which there is a passage through it to the top of the walls: on the east side there is another terrace, protected by three towers and walls, where there was a second entrance to the Castle; this was from the river, by ascending a steep rock, where once had been a narrow flight of winding stairs, protected by a wall, with a small covered hanging tower, which went a considerable way into the river, and had another round tower at its extremity to prevent the approach of an enemy at ebb tide: the portion in the river had been for a long period destroyed, but the narrow

wall with the hanging tower, as far as the terrace, was taken down, when making the approach to the bridge. The next tower to the King's, *tur darn*, or the broken tower, presents a very picturesque ruin; the avarice, it is said, of some of the inhabitants led them to excavate the rock at its base, which occasioned a vast fragment of the tower to fall; the upper half remains perfect, suspended at a great height, and projecting nearly thirty feet over the walls below. (Mr. Hicklin indicated in passing, the position of the parts described, and controverted the opinion of Mr. Pennant, who supposed the Royal Chapel to have been a boudoir.) The walls which surround the town were built at the same time as the Castle, and are nearly triangular; a form evidently prescribed by the situation; the walls which remain almost entire are very lofty and embattled: in the circuit of about a mile and a quarter there are twenty-one strong towers, rising considerably above the walls, besides three entrances to the town, with two stronger towers to each. The base of the triangle runs along the river, and in it are seven towers with a gateway called *Porth isav*, or the lower gate; between this and the Castle there is also a portal in the wall, called *Porth bach*, but without towers; from the northern extremity of the base a curtain with battlements on each side, runs nearly seventy yards into the river, which had at its extremity a large tower, long since destroyed, but the ruins are visible. This corresponded with a similar tower under the Castle: the gateway through the curtain is called *Porth yr aden*. A second entrance into the town was from the country side, nearly opposite to *Porth isav*; it is called *Porth uchav*, or the upper gate, and it was furnished with a drawbridge; the third is on the south side, and led to the *velin heli*, or salt-water mill; it is called *Porth y velin*, or the gate of the mill. Except on the river side the whole town was surrounded by a deep and wide moat. One of the towers on the south has a wall built on the town side, and contained some spacious apartments: it is called *Twr Llewellyn*.

(Here the lecturer introduced some remarks on the importance of having a muringer to protect such structures from dilapidation, and made an animated appeal to his auditors on the duty of preserving national illustrations of former ages.)

Edward made Conway a strong military station, and granted the town a Charter as a free borough securing to it considerable privileges; a condition being annexed with which we suppose

the good citizens of London, in their present humour, would be especially angry, “That *the Jews* dwell not at any time in the same borough.” (Laughter and Applause.)

In 1290, the Welsh were again in arms against the authority of Edward, under the leadership of Madoc, a son of Prince Llywellyn, and descendant of that Madoc whom Southey celebrates as the intrepid hero who

“ From the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean paths,
And quelled barbaric power, and overthrew
The bloody altars of idolatry,
And planted in its fanes triumphantly
The Cross of Christ.”

The revolt arose from what our modern statesmen would call an “ignorant impatience of taxation,” To defray the expenses of a war against France, Edward levied subsidies upon his newly conquered subjects of Wales, who rose in rebellion, hanged Roger de Pulesdon, who had been appointed to collect the tax, and routed the English troops. Alarmed at these hostile indications, the king marched into North Wales to vindicate his sovereignty. Having reached the Conway, he crossed that estuary with his guards, and retiring into the Castle waited for the remainder of his army to follow. In his passage, he lost many of his baggage and store waggons, which had been intercepted by the Welsh, who poured down in great force from the mountains and invested the Castle. A sudden rise in the river at the same time prevented his troops from crossing, and thus beleaguered, the royal garrison was reduced to such straits, that the monarch, in common with his soldiers, was obliged to eat salted meat with the coarse bread found in the Castle, and to use water mixed with honey as his drink. At the last extremity however, the river suddenly subsided, his troops were enabled to cross to his relief, the Welsh raised the siege, and ultimately dispersed among the mountains of Snowdon. The festival of Christmas was afterwards enjoyed at Conway Castle, without let or hindrance, by the Warrior King, his Queen, and a brilliant Court. And those were rare old times for feasting. From the first introduction of Christianity, the period of the Nativity seems to have been kept as a season of festival, and its observance required as a matter of state. The series of high festivities established by the Anglo-Saxon Kings, appear to have been continued with yearly increasing splendour and multiplied

ceremonies under the monarchs of the Norman race. From the Court, the spirit of rivalry descended, by all its thousand arteries, throughout the universal frame of society. The pomp and ceremonial of the royal observance were imitated in the splendid establishments of the more wealthy nobles, and were more faintly reflected from the diminished state of the petty Baron. The revelries of the baronial castle found echoes in the hall of the old manor house—and were again repeated in the tapestried chamber of the country Magistrate, or from the sanded parlour of the village inn. Merriment was everywhere a matter of public concernment. And in those right royal celebrations,

“They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
 By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores ;
 Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
 Muttons and fatted beeves, and bacon swine :
 Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard,
 Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine,
 Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies, and custard.
 And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
 With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
 For porter, punch, and negus were not known.” (Cheers.)

“Oh the mad days that I have spent,” says old Justice Shallow, “and to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead!” Yet still, as a popular author says, we love those Christmas commemorations—still like to drain

“One draught in memory of many
 A joyous banquet past.”

The revels of merry England are fast subsiding into silence, and her many customs wearing gradually away. That social change which has enlarged towns at the expense of the country—which thins the numbers of the yeomanry of England, and draws the estated gentleman from the shelter of his ancestral oaks, to live upon their produce in the haunts of dissipation, has been unfavourable to the existence of many of them which delight in bye-ways and sheltered places ; which had their appropriate homes in the old manor-house or the baronial hall. But they pass lingeringly away. There is something in the mind of man which attaches him to ancient superstitions, even for the sake of their antiquity, and endears to him old traditions even because they are old. We cannot readily shake off our reverence for that which our fathers have reverenced so long, even where the causes in which that reverence originated are not very

obvious, or not very satisfactory. Right joyous festivals there have been amongst us which England will be none the merrier—and kindly ones, propagating a feeling of brotherhood and benevolence, which she will be none the better—for losing.* (Cheers.)

In 1301, the first English Prince of Wales, Edward of Carnarvon, held a Court at Conway, where Eineon, Bishop of Bangor, and David, Abbot of Maenan, did homage, and on ascending the throne he granted certain privileges to the burgesses. In 1399 Conway was the scene of a memorable transaction in the reign of the hapless monarch Richard the Second. This event has been described with considerable minuteness in an original manuscript which is preserved in the Harleian Collection at the British Museum, under the title of “An account of the treachery of the Earl of Northumberland and the taking of his Majesty Richard the Second; his progress from Conway to Rhuddlan, Flint, and Chester, by an Eye-Witness.” Mr. Hicklin stated that a copy of this manuscript had been very kindly lent to him by his friend Mr. Edward Parry, who had procured it for insertion in his forthcoming publication of “Royal Visits to North Wales,” under the impression that it had not yet been published. In reading, however, for the purposes of the present lecture he (Mr. Hicklin) had found that the Rev. John Webb inserted it in the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia* in 1824; and Mr. Charles Knight has included the substance of it in his “Half-Hours with the Best Authors.” In this narrative, which is originally written in a sort of a doggrel metre, then very common, the author, who was a French Knight, personally attached to and officially in attendance upon King Richard, we have statements of the manner in which the monarch received the disastrous news that England was in a state of revolt, how his face turned pale thereat—for they could turn pale it seems in those times—his anxiety and distress, and his hurried return to Milford Haven.

“But before he landed,” says the Chronicler, “a great army which had gathered in Wales for his service was either disbanded or won over to Bolingbroke. In his great fear he disguised himself like a poor Franciscan friar, and set out at midnight from his host attended by only a few persons, of whom our Frenchman was one. He travelled hard all night, and reached Conway by break of day. There he learned that his enemies

* The Book of Christmas.

had reported him to be dead, and that well-nigh all was already lost. He uttered many pious ejaculations ; but he knew not what course to take. At length he resolved to send the Duke of Exeter and the Earl of Surrey to tell Henry of Bolingbroke that he was doing much amiss, but that he, the rightful King of England, would pardon him and reinstate him in all his honours and lands, if he would but desist. Henry, who was at Chester, made Exeter and Surrey his prisoners. Upon receiving this intelligence, the king, who had ‘continued all sorrowful at Conway,’ with his intimate friends ‘all sad and distressed’ went straight to Beaumaris. There was a strong castle there that could not have been taken in ten years, if it had only been victualled and furnished with a sufficient and faithful garrison. But there were provisions in none of the king’s castles in these parts, and there was fidelity and affection to him in no place whatsoever. Not being able to stay at Beaumaris he went to Caernarvon Castle, which he found totally unfurnished. In all his Castles to which he retired, there was no furniture, nor had he anything to lie down upon but straw. Really he lay in this manner for four or six nights, as, in truth, not a farthing’s worth of victuals or of anything else was to be found in them. Certes, I dare not tell the great misery of the king.”

Richard returned to Conway, where he greatly bewailed his young absent wife, who, by this time, was in the hands of the Bolingbroke party. He also bewailed that he was by day and by night in danger of bitter and certain death. While he was lying at Conway doing nothing but bewailing his hard fate, the Earl of Northumberland waited upon him from Duke Henry, who prevailed upon him to put himself in his hands, and trust to the decisions of the English Parliament, the Earl, it is said, swearing upon the sacrament that no harm should befall him. Richard quitted Conway—where he certainly could not have stayed much longer—and soon found that he was a prisoner, for the Earl of Northumberland had placed a numerous body of troops in ambuscade at one of the mountain-passes.

This pass the lecturer explained was Penmaen Rhos, about ten miles from Conway, not far from the last tunnel through which the railway train had passed in bringing the party that morning. The journey of Richard to Flint, and his mental sufferings there, were then described in the quaint language of the old writer, who says that no “creature in this mortal world, let him be who he would, Jew or Saracen, could have beheld the

king and his good friends, the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Stephen Scroope, and another knight named Ferriby, without being heartily sorry for them." The lecturer then drew attention to the following observations of the chronicler as illustrative of the regard then paid to "prophetic" intimations. The Earl of Salisbury told me, as we rode to Chester, that Merlin and Bede had, from the time in which they lived, prophesied of the taking and ruin of the king, and that if I were in his castle he should show it me in form and manner as I had seen it come to pass, saying thus:—

" 'There shall be a king in Albion who shall reign for the space of twenty or two-and-twenty years in great honour and in great power, and shall be allied and united with those of Gaul; which king shall be undone in the parts of the north, in a triangular place.' Thus the knight told me it was written in a book belonging to him. The triangular place he applied to the town of Conway, and for this he had a very good reason; for I can assure you that it is in a triangle, as though it had been so laid down by a true and exact measurement. In the said town of Conway was the king sufficiently undone; for the Earl of Northumberland drew him forth, as you have already heard, by the treaty which he made with him, and from that time he had no power. Thus the knight held this prophecy to be true, and attached thereunto great faith and credit; for such is the nature of them in their country, that they very thoroughly believe in prophecies, phantoms, and witchcraft, and have recourse to them right willingly."

The removal of the king from Flint is thus described:—

" Thus, as you have heard, came Duke Henry to the castle, and spake unto the king, to the Bishop of Carlisle, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby; howbeit unto the Earl of Salisbury he spake not at all, but sent word to him by a knight in this manner: ' Earl of Salisbury, be assured that no more than you deigned to speak to my lord the Duke of Lancaster when he and you were in Paris at Christmas last passed, will he speak unto you.' Then was the Earl much abashed, and had great fear and dread at heart, for he saw plainly that the duke mortally hated him. The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, ' Bring out the king's horses; ' and then they brought him two little horses that were not worth forty francs; the king mounted one, and the Earl of Salisbury the other. Every one got on horseback, and we set out from the said castle

of Flint about two hours after mid-day, In form and manner as you have heard, did Duke Henry take King Richard, his lord ; and brought him with great joy and satisfaction to Chester, which he had quitted in the morning. And know, that with great difficulty could the thunder of heaven have been heard for the loud bruit and sound of their instruments, horns, busines, and trumpets, insomuch that they made all the sea-shore resound with them. Thus the duke entered the city of Chester, to whom the common people paid great reverence, praising our lord, and shouting after their king, as it were in mockery."

In referring to these transactions Mr. Hicklin took occasion to intersperse his remarks with some quotations from Shakspere's tragedy of *King Richard the Second* ; illustrative of the fine touches of nature, and the faithful sketches of history which distinguish the dramas of that wonderful genius.

Thus with reference to the report of the king's death, alluded to in the Chronicle, we have the following scene—

Captain—My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves ; farewell.

Salisbury.—Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman ;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Captain.—'Tis thought the king is dead : we will not stay.
The bay trees in our country all are withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard, their king is dead.

Then again how beautifully has Shakspere noted the determination of the hapless monarch to assume the garb of a monk (as mentioned in the history) in the following affecting speech of *Richard the Second*.

What must the king do now ? must he submit ?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed ?
The king shall be contented : Must he lose
The name of king ? I' God's name, let it go ;
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;

My gay apparel, for an alm's-man's gown :
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff ;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
And my large kingdom for a little grave.
A little, little grave, an obscure grave ;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head ;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head ?

And various other quotations might be given (did time permit) to the same effect, as the allusion to the horse which "the haughty Bolingbroke" rode in the day of his triumph, and numerous fine touches of pathos and beauty.

These quotations were followed by a different description of King Richard's troubles, for which Mr. Hicklin said he was indebted to the works of another chronicler, who was remarkable for the quaint humour of his narratives and the faithfulness of his statements :—

"Richard, who was in Ireland knew nothing of what was passing at home ; but when he received the news he started for Milford Haven, where he was almost overwhelmed with disagreeable information from gentlemen who made the very most and the very worst of every calamitous incident. Richard's soldiers seeing that their king more than ever required their fidelity and aid, immediately, according to the usual practice, ran away from him. 'They deserted,' says the chronicler, 'almost to a man,' and it is to be regretted we have not the name of the 'man,' who formed nearly the solitary exception to the general apostasy. Whoever he may have been he must have exercised a great deal of self-command, for of course he was his own officer ; he must have reviewed himself, as well as gone through the ceremony of putting himself on duty, and taking himself off at the proper periods. We must not, however, take too literally the calculations of the old chroniclers who reduce the number of Richard's adherents to an almost solitary soldier ; for the truth appears to be, that the king mustered almost six thousand men out of the twenty thousand he had brought with him from Ireland. Flight was, therefore, his only refuge ; and selecting from his stock of fancy dresses the disguise of a priest, Richard, accompanied by his two half-brothers, Sir Stephen Scroope, the Chancellor, and the Bishop of Carlisle, with nine

other followers, set off for the Castle of Conway. There he met the Earl of Salisbury and a hundred men, who had eaten every morsel of food to be found in the place, and Richard was occupied in running backwards and forwards from Conway to Beaumaris, then on to Carnarvon, then back to Conway again, in a wretched race for a dinner. It is pitiable to find a king of England reduced to the condition described in the old nursery ditty. He went to Conway for provisions, but—

‘When he got there,
The cupboard was bare,’

and the same result followed his journey to Beaumaris and Carnarvon. Notwithstanding the number of bones that his subjects had to pick with him, there was not one in the larders of the three castles he visited. ‘And so,’ in the emphatic words of the nursery rhyme, ‘the poor dog had none.’ So complete was the desertion of Richard, that the Master of the Household, Percy, Earl of Worcester, called all the servants together, and broke his wand of office, accompanying the act by exclaiming—‘Now I’m off to Chester to join the Duke of Lancaster.’ This ceremony was equivalent to a discharge of all the domestics under him, and the king, had he returned to his abode, would have been compelled to ‘do for himself,’ in consequence of the disbanding of all his menials. The members of the establishment, fancying they had an opportunity of bettering themselves, did not hesitate to follow the example of their chief, and there is no doubt that a long list, headed ‘want places,’ was at once forwarded to the Duke of Lancaster. Having ransacked every corner of Conway Castle without finding any provisions, Richard had nothing left but an unprovisional surrender. He got as far as Flint Castle, but he found the inhabitants had flinty hearts, and he met with no sympathy. Henry of Bolingbroke came to meet him, when Richard, touching his hat, bid welcome to his ‘fair cousin of Lancaster.’ ‘My Lord,’ replied Henry, somewhat sarcastically, ‘I’m a little before my time, but really your people complain so bitterly of your not having the knack to rule them, that I’ve come to help you.’ Richard gave a mental ‘Umph,’ but added, ‘Well, well, be it as you will;’ for his hunger had taken away all his appetite for power. After a repast, unto which the king did much more ample justice than he had ever done to his subjects, a hackney was sent for, and Richard rode a prisoner to Chester. No one pitied him as he passed, though the spectacle was a

truly wretched one. The horse was a miserable hack, while Richard himself was hoarse with a hacking cough, caught in the various exposures to wind and weather he had undergone in his vicissitudes." (The reading of this passage was frequently interrupted by bursts of laughter and applause; and we may now tell our readers what Mr. Hicklin did not tell his audience, that this last extract is from "The Comic History of England," by Gilbert A'Beckett.)

At the period of the Welsh insurrection, headed by the celebrated Owen Glyndwr, whom Shakspeare makes to boast that he could "call spirits from the vasty deep," and at whose birth,

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes :
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields ;"

John de Massey was constable of Conway Castle, he had under his command fifteen men at arms and six archers, and was allowed 39s. 2d. per day (£714 15s. 10d. per annum) for the maintenance of the fortress. From a MS. in old French, preserved in the British Museum, MS. Cotton. Cleop. F. III. fol. iii., which was written in Glyndwr's time; it shews that the Welsh Castles were not at that period very extensively garrisoned, and it furnishes the actual state of many of them. This state Mr. Hicklin explained on the authority of "Ellis' Original Letters."

During the civil wars of the Roses between the Houses of York and Lancaster, Conway Castle was the scene of much contention. It is recorded that the friends of one party gained possession of it, while the influential family of Griffyth Goch, and many equally powerful in the neighbourhood, were in arms for the other. It happened that his son Rhys, who had gone either out of curiosity, or more probably for the purpose of examining the strength of the place, was standing at Tal y sarn, on the opposite side of the river, when he was slain by an arrow discharged from the castle by Llewellyn of Nannau. As the distance is considerably more than half a mile, this is probably one of the longest shots on record. [Whether it was the archer or the author who drew the long bow on this occasion we will leave our antiquarian friends to determine.] A few nights after Robin ab Gryffyth Goch o'r Graianllyn, and his brother Hywel with their followers, crossed the river, to avenge the death of their brother Rhys; they took the castle by escalade, and beheaded the captain. Sir John Wynne, in his history of the Gwydir family, observes, that the whole country around was

laid waste by the partisans of the two factions ; and utterly desolated by Lord Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. In 1466, Thomas ab Robin, of Cochwillan, was beheaded, near the castle, by his lordship's order, on account of his staunch adherence to the Lancastrians ; and his wife is reported to have carried away his head in her apron.

The town of Aberconwy had obtained great privileges, already mentioned, from Edward I., in order that he might have a body of Englishmen, besides the garrisons of his castle, to maintain his power in Wales ; all that held office in his towns of Aberconwy, Carnarvon and Beaumaris, were exclusively English. In course of time, however, some Welshmen crept into office, which the English burgesses looked upon as an infringement of their rights, considering Wales as a foreign country subjected to the English, but the inhabitants by no means entitled to have any share of the advantages of their own land. They accordingly presented a memorial to Henry VII. and his parliament ; it is a curious and interesting document, and shows the jealous feelings entertained by the two nations towards each other.

Mr. Hicklin quoted some curious passages to the effect just stated ; and made a pointed reference to the present state of feeling in this particular, and the desirableness of a close amity on " both sides of the Dee."

In 1607 the plague—the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the sickness that destroyeth at noon-day—committed dreadful ravages at Conway, where it broke out within three weeks after its appearance in London. Numbers of dead bodies have frequently been found in the streets when excavating sewers. In the troublesome days of the Great Rebellion Conway was naturally regarded as a military station of great importance ; and the most remarkable character who then directed its destinies was the celebrated Archbishop Williams, who was born at Conway ; a prelate who seems to have combined the various and generally conflicting qualities of priest, lawyer, and soldier. The epitaph of this extraordinary man, who was buried at Llandegai Church, near Penrhyn Park, is to the following effect : " Sojourner read, and in these few words, particularly observe that which you would not expect to find in this obscure chapel. Here lies buried John Williams, the most renowned of prelates, descended by his father's lineage from the Williams's of Cochwillan, and by his mother's from the Griffiths of Penrhyn, whose great parts and eminence in all kinds of learning raised him first to the deanery of Sarum, and afterwards advanced him

to that of Westminster, by the favour of King James. At one and at the same time he was the most intimate favourite of and Privy Councillor to that Great King, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and Bishop of the see of Lincoln, whom Charles the First honoured with the Archiepiscopal Mitre of York. He was thoroughly versed in all the sciences—a treasury of nine languages—the very soul of pure and undefiled theology—an oracle of political tact—the very acme and ornament of wisdom, whether sacred, canonical, civil, or municipal. His conversation was engagingly sweet—his memory more tenacious than human—a repository of all species of history—he expended in magnificent edifices the sum of £20,000—an exemplary pattern of liberality, munificence, generosity, hospitality, and compassion for the poor. In those lamentable times which followed, being worn out with the things which he saw and heard, when, by reason of the fury of the rebels, he could no longer serve his King nor his country, having lived 68 years, on the 25th March, which was his birthday, with strong faith in Christ, and stedfast allegiance to the King, he most devotedly resigned his soul to God, dying of a quinsy. It matters little that so small a monument, placed in this obscure spot, preserves the memory of so great a man, since years and ages shall never cease to celebrate his virtues. He died 25th March, A.D. 1650.

“Pass on, traveller, it is enough, your curiosity is gratified.”

Being superseded by Prince Rupert in the command of North Wales, the Archbishop, on the arrival of the Republican army from Chester, under General Mytton, assisted that officer in reducing that town, and was wounded in the adventure. The town was taken by Cromwell’s soldiers on August 15th, 1646, and their victory was signalised by the slaughter of all the Irish residents, who were barbarously tied back to back and thrown into the river. The castle surrendered on the 10th of November following; and the warlike prelate, having received a pardon from the Parliament, retired to the tranquil shades of Gloddaeth, where “broken by the storms of state,” he might have renewed the pathetic lament of *Wolsey*—

“Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open’d. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince’s favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.”

At the restoration of Charles Second, the castle was granted by the "Merry Monarch" to the Earl of Conway, who was altogether unworthy of such a possession; for in the spirit of a pedlar, rather than a patrician, he ordered his agent to dismantle this glorious structure, by removing the timber, iron, and lead, to be shipped to Ireland, ostensibly for his Majesty's, but in reality for his own use. With a most commendable determination, Colonel Wynn, Mr. Thomas Bulkeley, and several of the leading gentry of the country, attempted to oppose this destructive design, but in vain; the following letter which appears in the Rev. R. Williams' History of Conway, was written in reply to their remonstrances:—

" Honoble friends,

" I haue had the honour to receive yor letter of the 20th Sept. in which you are pleas'd to enquire of me, whether my servant Milward doth act by my order for the taking down of the lead, timber, and iron of Conway Castle; in answer to which question I do by this acknowledge it to be my act and deed; and that the said Milward is employed by me to dispose of the timber and iron, according to such directions as I gaue him; and to transporthe the lead into Ireland, where I hope it will be more serviceable to his matie then it was in this country. And having this opportunity of addressing myselfe to you, I humbly beseech you to take off the restraint which you haue put vpon his proceedings, and to asfoord him yor favour in it; for I am already prejudiced by the losse of shipping, and an opportune season for transportation of the lead; yet I shall esteeme this as a particular obligation vpon mee, and be ready to expresse it by all the service in my power to every one of you, that you are pleased to grant this att my request; which otherwise may put me to some trouble and delay. And I doubt not of meeting occasions to testifie my being,

" Honoble Sirs,

" Yor affectionate and obedient Servt,

" CONWAY AND KILULTA.

" Ragley in Warwickshire, 6th October, 1665."

" For the honoble Thomas Bulkley, Esq.; Colonel Wynn, Hugh Wynn, Esq.; Thomas Vaughan, Esq.; his maties Deputy Livetenants in North Wales."

The selfish spoiler did his work; but a suitable fate attended the desecration of one of the noblest works of antiquity. Lord

Conway was not merely prejudiced, as he complains, by the loss of an opportune season for shipping, but by the loss of the property itself, for the vessels which contained the materials for Ireland were wrecked on the voyage. The castle is at present held from the Crown by the Dowager Lady Erskine, who takes most commendable care for its preservation. (Cheers.)

Mr. Hicklin then referred to Conway as the scene of several subjects in romantic literature, alluding more particularly to the tragedy of "The Castle Spectre," and Gray's fine lyric ode of "The Bard," upon both of which he made some passing comments in a serio-comic style of description. He then incidently introduced a notice of the railway tube beneath the castle walls, and took occasion to contrast the facilities of modern travelling with the slowness of former days, when, as in 1685, the great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that a Viceroy going to Ireland was five hours in journeying from St. Asaph to Conway; and in general carriages were taken to pieces at Conway and borne on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants to the Menai. This allusion naturally led to a mention of Mr. Telford's beautiful suspension bridge over the Conway, and a few apposite observations on the romantic scenery of the locality. The lecturer, whose address was partly written and partly extemporaneous, closed with an animated peroration on the pursuits of Archæology in the examination of "things old," and contrasted the short-lived glory of the most durable monuments of man's device with the older grandeur of the "eternal hills," and the more impressive majesty of the wondrous works of the Almighty Architect of the Universe.

Mr. Hicklin was greeted with prolonged applause; and Mr. Pettigrew, on behalf of the British Archæological Association, moved in warm terms a vote of thanks to him for the lecture, and expressed his hope and request that Mr. Hicklin would consent to its publication, *in extenso*, in the Journal of the Association. The Dean of Chester (Dr. Anson) concurred in these commendations, and the proposition was enthusiastically adopted. Mr. Hicklin, in reply to the compliment, thanked the meeting for their kind expressions; and took the opportunity, with reference to the circumstances under which Conway Castle had been erected, to allude to the manner in which the Union of England and Wales had been originally effected, and in which it ought to be so cemented, in the present day, as to advance the mutual interests of both countries. He spoke in

glowing language of the natural beauties, the ancient remains, and the historical records of Wales ; and concluded by reciting, amidst renewed applause, the following lines :—

When deep called to deep, and when horde after horde
 Scattered ruin o'er Europe with flame and with sword,
 Then our fathers stood firm, and in dark danger tried,
 From their hearths and their altars bore back the wild tide.

And when Destiny willed the strange waters should blend,
 And their feuds, like their tempests, in sunshine should end ;
 Still they trod with the foremost the great race of glory,
 And have hallow'd with virtue their fatherland's story.

Then pledge we a toast to the glory of Wales,
 To her sons and her daughters, her hills and her vales.
 Once more—here's a toast to the mighty of old,
 To the fair and the gentle, the wise and the bold ;
 Here's a health to whoever, by land or by sea,
 Has been true to the home of the brave and the free.

Two views of Flint and Conway Castles, as they appeared during the days of their strength, were exhibited to illustrate the lecture.

Mr. Hicklin then conducted a large party round the ruins, Mr. Baily of London, an eminent architect, accompanying him and explaining their peculiarities. The Church, the mansion of Plas Mawr, and other objects of interest were visited : and those who were so minded remained to enjoy a dance, where Kings and Queens had before "trod a measure," to the splendid music of the band of the 46th regiment, which attended the Conway excursion. Among the company, in addition to the leading members of the British Archaeological Association, were Lady Erskine and party, Lady Walker and party, parties from the Episcopal Palace and Deanery of Chester, General Sir W. Warre, and several of the officers of the Chester garrison, many of the Clergy and Magistracy of Cheshire and the principality with their families, the leading inhabitants of the "old city;" and, "though last, not least in our dear love," a charming display of beauty. The festivity, social and intellectual, closed with the national anthem, and three cheers for "The Queen and the Prince of Wales :" and at nine p.m. the train with its living freight of humanity returned to Chester by the light of a lovely moon. Mr. Hobday, of the Refreshment Rooms at the Chester Railway Station, supplied the provisions and wines for the "Pic Nic" in a most liberal and excellent style. Flags were displayed from the turrets of the Castle, the tower of the

Church, and other places, in honour of the visit, and every assistance was kindly given by the Vicar of Conway, Mr. Hope Jones, and other friends, to enhance the enjoyment of the excursion.

Visitors who wish to obtain admission to Conway Castle have only to knock at the door in the wall, and the warder will be immediately in attendance.

In the month of July, 1857, Conway was visited by the members of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, at that time holding their Congress at Chester. The Castle was explored and described by the Rev. E. H. Hartshorne, and other authors of antiquarian celebrity; Mr. Hicklin and several friends from Chester taking part in the discussions, which confirmed the foregoing description.

TOWN OF CONWAY.

HE town of Conway is singularly interesting, and wears "a genuine antique air." Indeed, as "The Land we live in" well describes, "there is at every turn some quaint old structure or picturesque bit of a street, terminated by a tower and fragment of the walls, a portion of the Castle, or one of the gate-houses; just such a picture, in short, as Prout might paint without changing a feature. Nor are fitting 'figures' wanting to give animation and completeness to the picture. Welsh peasants, countrymen from neighbouring villages, miners, or market-women with their jackets and odd tall hats, and perhaps a sailor or two, are strolling about the streets; while on a market or fair day the lively groups, in their best costumes, talking at the top of their voices in their strange guttural language, increase not a little the uncommon character of the scene."

The most notable building in Conway is PLAS MAWR, the Great Mansion, which bears date, 1585, and was founded by

Robert Wynne, of Gwydir. It is now the property of Lord Mostyn. As an illustrative example of the architecture of former days, it is worth inspection; and its panelled walls, with their elaborate carvings of figures, coats of arms, and heraldic devices, among which the initials of Queen Elizabeth and her favourite, Lord Leicester, are frequently introduced, will convey to the visitor an intelligible idea of baronial state and manners in the olden time. A winding staircase leads to a turret, from which there is an excellent view of the town and the surrounding country. Another interesting relic of past ages is "The College," a stone house probably of the date of Edward the First, which forms a picturesque bit of antiquity, and has a singular window fronting Castle Street.

Conway CHURCH, though not remarkable for any features of architectural beauty, is a spacious and venerable structure, which the intelligent antiquary will examine with interest; albeit certain modern "restorations" and "improvements" may disturb his serenity. The Church once belonged to a Cistercian Abbey, founded here by Llewellyn ap Jorweth, which was removed by Edward the First to Maenan, ten miles up the vale. Few, if any, remains of the old abbey are now discernible. The Church contains a remarkably fine screen, said to have been brought from the abbey; some good panelling, and late decorated work; and in the windows there are a few valuable fragments of early glass. At the east end of the north aisle a modern obituary window, presented by the Dowager Lady Erskine, has lately been introduced. There is a stone font of a very early date; it is elaborately carved, and stands on a pillar with steps encircling the base. There are several interesting monuments, among which are incised and raised slabs of various dates; there is a sculptured stone with a female effigy, to the memory of the mother of the celebrated Archbishop Williams, whose death occurred in October, 1585; another stone marks the grave of John Brickdall, Vicar in Conway for thirty-eight years, whose ancestor, we are further informed, was Thomas Brickdall, the first Governor of Conway Castle in 1292; there

is also a circular-headed monument in the chancel wall, to the memory of Robert Wynne, who died in November, 1598, and some of his posterity; and the queer inscription on the grave-stone of Nicholas Hookes, who lies buried in the chancel, is perhaps worth transcribing: “Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conway, gentleman, who was the forty-first child of his father, William Hookes, Esq., by Alice his wife, and the father of twenty-seven children, who died the 20th day of March, 1637.” The Church services are alternately in the Welsh and English languages, and the Vicar, the Rev. M. Morgan, M.A., is most assiduous in the discharge of all his pastoral duties. There is a well-conducted National School at Conway. The town possesses also a neat and convenient market-house, and many inns; the principal of which are the Erskine Arms, the Castle, and the Harp, where conveyances for excursions may be had. The former hotel, which is a new building, stands directly opposite to the Railway Station; convenient and handsome carriages of every description may be hired there, and an omnibus runs regularly to Llandudno during the season.

A new object of general interest has been added to the manifold attractions of this neighbourhood, by the erection of the immense tubular bridge of iron, which carries the Chester and Holyhead Railway across the Conway Straits. This extraordinary achievement of modern science consists of two tubes, parallel to each other, one for the transit of the “up,” and the other of the “down” trains; each measuring 412 feet in length, and weighing 1300 tons; the width of each is 14 feet, and the height at each end $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet, gradually rising till it attains in the middle an altitude of $25\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The section of the tube is therefore nearly rectangular: the walls, floor, and ceiling are composed entirely of hard wrought iron, built into massive towers of masonry erected on each side of the Straits; and the exterior, which conveys an impression of strength and stability, though by no means suggestive of the picturesque, is painted a free-stone colour. The first tube was firmly adjusted on April

17, 1848, and on May 17, in the same year, a splendid banquet was given at Conway, in honour of Mr. R. Stephenson, M.P., whose genius planned, and whose enterprising talent brought to perfection, this mighty monument of engineering skill. The Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn, M.P. (now Lord Mostyn) presided ; Mr. W. B. Hughes, M.P. officiated as vice-president ; there was a numerous attendance of the gentry and clergy of the locality ; and there were also present many eminent engineers, among whom was the projector's father, the late Mr. George Stephenson, whose fame has become identified with the origin and progress of railway science in Europe. On that occasion Mr. R. Stephenson narrated the birth, as it were, of that idea which first suggested to his mind this novel undertaking, as well as the difficulties which had arisen in bringing it to maturity ; and the modest pride with which he referred to its final success evinced a combination of moral worth with intellectual power, the frequent characteristic of truly great minds. In the construction of this tubular viaduct, Mr. E. Clark acted as superintending engineer and the confidential friend of Mr. R. Stephenson ; Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson assisted in the preliminary experiments ; Mr. A. Ross was the engineer for the masonry ; and Mr. Evans was the contractor for the execution of the works. And to all these parties the greatest praise is due for the energy and skill with which they co-operated together in this surprising effort of mechanical art and labour. Since May, 1848, the railway trains have been regularly passing through the tube without the slightest hindrance or failure, to shake public confidence in the thorough safety of this novel contrivance. The second tube was fixed on November 15th, 1848, and the results of its use have been equally satisfactory. The Railway Station at Conway is also well designed ; and a more interesting excursion than a trip to that town, abounding as it now does with modern wonders and ancient relics, cannot be recommended, since the speculative antiquarian and the practical utilitarian may alike find information and pleasure from such a visit.

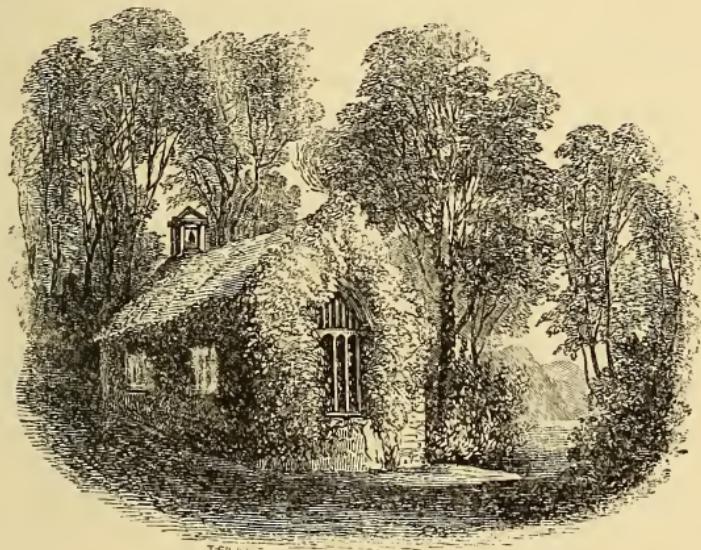


LLANRWST BRIDGE.

EXCURSIONS.

FROM Conway, numerous interesting and diversified excursions may conveniently be made into some of the most attractive districts of North Wales, for each of which a day may suffice; although the traveller will doubtless be tempted to linger for a much longer period, amidst "scenes so charming." To Llanrwst, a distance of twelve miles, the drive is exceedingly beautiful; and pleasant opportunities for enjoying the same prospects are now afforded by the Inland Steam Navigation Company, one of whose vessels sails every day from Conway, with the flow of the tide to Trefriw; and, if so minded, you can return with the ebb. Boats may also be hired for the sail up the river from Conway or Llandudno, to return with the tide. Leaving Conway, you pass the secluded village of Gyffin, with its interesting old church; and at a distance of five miles reach Caer Rhûn, another lovely spot, where antiquaries have fixed the site of the ancient Roman Conovium, respecting which there are many historic records. About eight miles from Conway, high up the mountain, near the bridge called Pont Porthlwyd, is a grand and picturesque

Cataract, known as Rhaiadr Mawr, which is supplied from the pool Llyn Eigiau. Two miles further on is TREFRIW, beautifully situated, and commanding delightful views of the Vale of Llanrwst, which Mr. Burke pronounced “the most charming spot in Wales,” and which recent tourists have viewed with rapture, as witness Miss Costello’s enthusiasm :—



CHAPEL IN GWYDIR WOOD.

“ One of the prettiest villages I ever saw is Trefriw, as far as which the tide reaches. The two wheels of a charmingly picturesque mill are here turned by a rushing cataract, which dashes over heaps of rocks in delightful confusion, threatening to destroy the frail building close to which it leaps and fumes. Just beyond it a fine waterfall comes rushing down from a great height, foaming and tumbling over dark blocks and through rich foliage, and the scenery grows more and more charming as the town of Llanrwst is approached. From the immensely steep bridge built by Inigo Jones, the view on the river is lovely in the extreme : the clergyman’s house and grounds, the magnificent trees and lawns sloping to the river, the clearness of the water, and the mountains covered with every luxuriant growth that can be imagined—the grey rocks between and the bright blue sky and gay sun gilding the whole scene ‘with heavenly alchemy’—seen, as we were fortunate enough to see it—are enchanting beyond expression. The sky, which had been cloudy

and uncertain when we set out, had cleared, and the sun breaking forth gave all the brilliancy which his touch alone can bestow, and rendered the view perfect.

“ We were peculiarly favoured during our stay at Llanrwst, for we had only fine weather, and were enabled to visit the waterfalls and behold them in their most attractive forms.

“ The vale of Llanrwst has been called ‘ the most charming spot in Wales,’ and but for the *embarras des richesses* which the country exhibits, I should pronounce it to be really so ; beauty succeeds beauty in continued succession, and every step has something new to show more lovely than the last.

“ There is a rivalry between the famous falls of the Wenol, or Swallow, and those of the Machno and the Conway. As each is exceedingly grand, and all possess features of their own, it is impossible to prefer one to the other ; but, perhaps, owing to their being the first I saw in Wales, I give the falls of Llanrwst the preference over others which I afterwards visited. The extreme beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery greatly adds to their effect, as well as the shape of the rocks and the form of the rugged basins into which they cast themselves with a roar, which awakens every echo far and near, and

‘ makes the woods acquainted ’

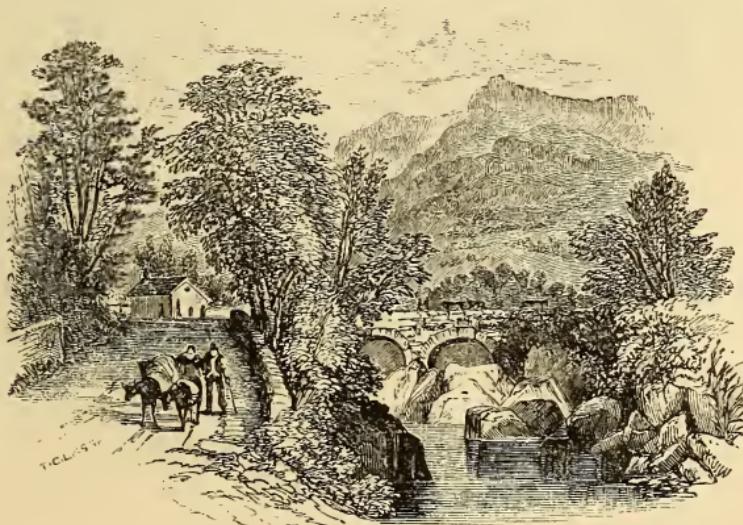
with their vicinity.



WATERFALL OF THE SWALLOW.

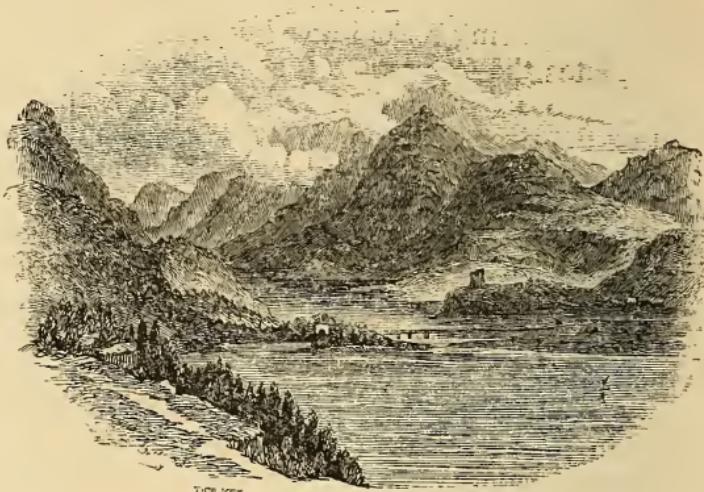
“ The falls of the Conway have been aptly compared by a poet who resides in their neighbourhood, to the rush and leap of a wild horse, whose mane streams to the wind as he hurls himself over the precipice. A rocky hollow, scooped by nature into an immense cauldron, receives the hurrying, startled wave into its bosom, where it boils and foams and lashes onward again down the shivering rocks into a hundred lesser falls. The river Machno joins the Conway at the distance of a few yards above that fall. Scarcely one hundred yards from the junction and ascending the river Machno, is the very beautiful fall to which it gives its name. It is, I believe, sometimes called ‘ the Pandy Fall,’ from the circumstance of a fulling mill, in Welsh *pandy*, having been built close to it. From this fall the river Machno runs through a deep, narrow, rocky chasm to the Conway.

“ Rhaiadr-y-Wenol, or the Swallow, comes angrily over a ledge of rocks in several gushing streams, throwing itself from point to point, and finally alighting in a deep cavern far below its first leap ; then, with prodigious impetuosity, it hurries on for several miles to the romantic bridge of Pont-y-Pair, where by degrees it becomes calmer, but not till after it has finished its strife of waters near that beautiful spot, where the Llugwy, violent and crested with foam, forms a hundred cataracts as it hurries through the luxuriant scenes of Bettws-y-Coed, and at Pont-y-Pair dashes over a barrier of broken rocks, and thunders down the vale.



BETTWS-Y-COED.

“ Moel Siabod here rises in awful majesty, a glorious mountain whose height is little inferior to that of the great Snowdon itself; at least so it appears when beheld from this lovely valley: nor is it less imposing from Capel Curig. From its summit may be seen nine lakes and the distant sea.”



SNOWDON.

Llanrwst Church, with its curious antiquities, and Gwydir Woods close to the town, should be visited; and four miles further will bring you to the beautiful village of BETTWS-Y-COED, the popular resort of artists and anglers, and to the singularly romantic bridge of Pont-y-Pair. Pursue your journey towards Capel Curig, which is distant only five miles; and having travelled about a mile and a half, you will find on the right hand of the roadside in the wall a little wicket-gate, which will lead you to the sublime and glorious scenery of RHAIAADR-Y-WENOL, or the waterfall of the Swallow—the finest cataract in Wales. Proceed to CAPEL CURIG (so named from its little church dedicated to the Welsh saint Curig,) where you will find a most excellent and well-conducted hotel, in a charmingly secluded spot, which combines the loveliness and the majesty of nature. From the pretty garden of the inn, there is a magnificent view of Snowdon and the lovely lakes in front, stretching along the charming valley, which presents a beautiful variety of wood and water, and is skirted by mountain scenery of great sublimity and grandeur.



View from Imperial Hotel

“ Every one (says the author of ‘*The Land we live in*’) comes to Wales mainly for the sake of the mountains and the scenery; and whatever is grandest and most characteristic in Welsh mountain scenery is brought together and concentrated in Snowdonia. A month devoted to this district⁴ alone would provide food for the intellect and the imagination for years to come, for tourists are able or willing to give more time than this to the whole of North Wales, and that time is expended in visiting in succession every object that, for any reason, is celebrated; and the arrangements are so made, as to devote to every place and object as little time as it can possibly be examined in. Not so can a mountainous country be fitly explored or understood. It is not merely bare hills and white waterfalls that are of interest and value. The poetry of the mountains lies more in their ever changeful phenomena that are their inseparable attendants. A mountain is in itself the same to-day that it was yesterday; but the appearance it presents to an observant eye is very different—it has become another though the same. Many of the circumstances which are most annoying to the mere sight-seer are really what afford the richest enjoyment to one watchful of the varying phases of nature. The grandeur and the gloom of the mountains and the lakes, the most glorious phenomena of which the mind, in such localities, is cognizant, are transitory, evanescent, fitful. If you would enjoy them, you must wait for them in patience; be abroad at all seasons to observe; and then, often when least anticipated, and in places seemingly the least likely, they reveal themselves to the willing eye and heart. Day and night, summer and autumn, fair weather and foul, every hour and every season has its own charms and utters its own voice. Stormy weather, against which, not unreasonably, tourists generally declaim, is, in truth, a thing to be especially coveted. Never do the mountains and the shadowy valleys, so emphatically speak home to the heart as then. Whether it be as the gathering clouds herald the coming storm; or when half the landscape is wrapt in darkness and in tempest, as the lightning is breaking upon the sharp peaks, and the thunder echoing along the hollows; when the struggle between sunshine and gloom proclaims that the storm is passing away; or, later, when a soft rainbow is spanning the valley—alike is there in the sublimity or the loveliness a power which is never felt amid the quiet beauty attendant on an unclouded sky. And though the mists are hardly to be admired when they envelope both hill

and vale in a garment of uniform gray; yet he knows little of mountain scenery who does not recognize in them perhaps the most valuable of poetic and picturesque auxiliaries. Let but a gleam of sunlight into the landscape, and how beautiful do the mists appear when congregating about the summits or rolling along the slopes of the mountains, hanging over the watercourses or filling the hollow ravines. What knows he of the mountains who has not wandered alone in some solitary nook,

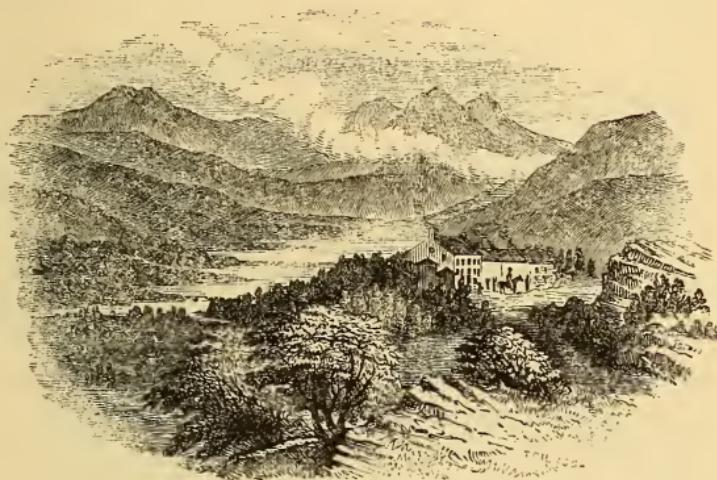
When underneath the young gray dawn
A multitude of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks among the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind !

But we repeat, thoroughly to enjoy and appreciate this district, it is not enough to keep merely to the beaten roads. Let the tourist wander at will wherever he can find a way, and everywhere he will discover unanticipated wealth. Scenes, whether of grandeur or beauty or solitary desolation, will be alike recognized as of distinct individuality, complete and perfect in themselves, yet linked by imperceptible gradations into harmony with surrounding scenes."

MOEL SIABOD, a remarkable mountain, whose summit is 2,878 feet above the sea, may be conveniently ascended from Capel Curig; and the climb on a fair day will amply repay the labour. Beneath Moel Siabod, about five miles distant, is the sequestered village of DOLWYDDELAN, the broken towers of whose ruined castle, standing on a bold rock amidst a rude amphitheatre of mountains, are remarkably picturesque, and form another of those attractive scenes which combine historic associations with natural grandeur. The neighbourhood of Capel Curig, indeed, abounds with objects of interest to the artist, the archæologist, and the angler; and as its spacious hotel has an extensive reputation for good accommodation and good fare, it has long been a popular resting-place for tourists.

From Capel Curig the visitor may proceed to Bangor, a distance of fourteen miles, through a singularly wild and romantic district; past the celebrated Lake Ogwen, so famous for its trout; the tremendous glen of Nant Ffrancon; the gloomy

cliffs of Llyn Idwal ; the marvellous slate-quarries of Cae Braich-y-Cafn, which no tourist should leave unvisited ; and the verdant woods of Penrhyn. Arrived at Bangor, the facilities of railway travelling are again obtainable, so that by the excellent arrangements of the Chester and Holyhead line, any desired destination may soon be reached ; and the return to Conway (for Llandudno) be accomplished in half an hour.



CAPEL CURIG.

CONWAY TO BANGOR.

FROM Conway to Bangor is another pleasant and picturesque excursion, whether by road or rail. The scenery is exceedingly grand ; and as the route skirts the base of the mountains, and opens out also remarkably fine sea views, the prospect is at times really sublime. The road winds round a sandy bay at the foot of Penmaen Bach, but to make a way for the flaming dragons of the rail, the bold genius of Stephenson has pierced that flinty mountain with a tunnel ; and as you emerge from its gloomy recesses, you discern right ahead the black steeps of PENMAEN MAWR, beneath whose

shadow there is a railway station, distant about five miles from Conway. In the good old times, the fifteen miles from Conway to Bangor were thought rather a serious journey; one at any rate not to be undertaken without due consideration. The road lay along the brow of the precipitous Penmaen Mawr; and to traverse it was often really very dangerous. The only means of avoiding this road by a land passage was to proceed along the sands, but which could only be ventured upon when the tide was out. Even as late as 1774, after a better road had been constructed, it appears to have been regarded as sufficiently formidable. Dr. Johnson was here with the Thrales in that year, and he has this entry in his diary:—“ August 18. We would have stayed at Conway if we could have found entertainment; (it was race-day, and the inns were full;) for we were afraid of passing Penmaen Mawr, over which lay our way to Bangor, but by broad daylight. * * There was no stay, however, on any other terms than of sitting up all night. * * Our coach was at last brought, and we set out with some anxiety, but we came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight, and we found a road lately made very easy and very safe.’ This road was afterwards improved, and in 1827, was re-constructed by Telford, and rendered one of the finest in the kingdom—a remark applicable, by the way, to the great Holyhead lines of road which that eminent engineer formed by order of the Government throughout the Principality, on a scale of greatness and excellence till then unseen in this country. Even now, some portions of the road along Penmaen Mawr wear, in stormy weather, a rather startling appearance; especially where it is in part cut out of the face of the beetling cliff, with the sea at a considerable distance below, and the grim precipice towering high over head.*

* “ The Land we live in.”

The Railway, however, has now made us thoroughly independent of all these trepidations and inconveniences. On the summit of Penmaen Mawr there are the remains of an ancient British fortification of immense strength, which in the days of its power could accommodate an army of 20,000 men. About a mile towards the north-east, there are also some remarkable Druidical circles, and other vestiges of Celtic antiquity.



ABER.

From Penmaen Mawr the road traverses a well-cultivated tract of country, whose bright verdure contrasts most pleasantly with the sterile heights of the frowning mountains, and after a ride of rather more than four miles reaches ABER,—a charming village at the entrance of a deep glen, which leads up about two miles into the bosom of the hills, and terminates at a rocky precipice, down which falls a beautifully picturesque cataract, forming a picture of extreme loveliness and grandeur. Aber is a place of some celebrity in the annals of North Wales, as the site of a Roman station, and of the palace of Llewellyn, who

there illustrated the “ wild justice” of revenge, by hanging up a Norman baron whom he suspected of an intrigue with the Princess Joan. There is a ferry from Aber across the Lavan sands to Beaumaris, on the opposite shores of Anglesey ; a guide, however, in attempting this deceitful passage at low water is indispensable, and many are the anecdotes of “ hair-breadth ‘scapes and imminent perils” which are related concerning this shifting road, the usual highway in former days between England and Ireland, the inconveniences of which are quaintly illustrated in the following amusing extract from the “ *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, K.B., of Skreens, in the Hundred of Chelmsford,*” son of the Lord Chief Justice under Charles I. Sir John and his father were off to Ireland to celebrate the latter’s second marriage with Elizabeth, relict of Sir John Brereton, Serjeant-at-Law in Ireland. They had been delayed some days in Chester, waiting for the wind, which continuing unfavourable they were advised to take horse as far as Holyhead, as the best and speediest passage :—

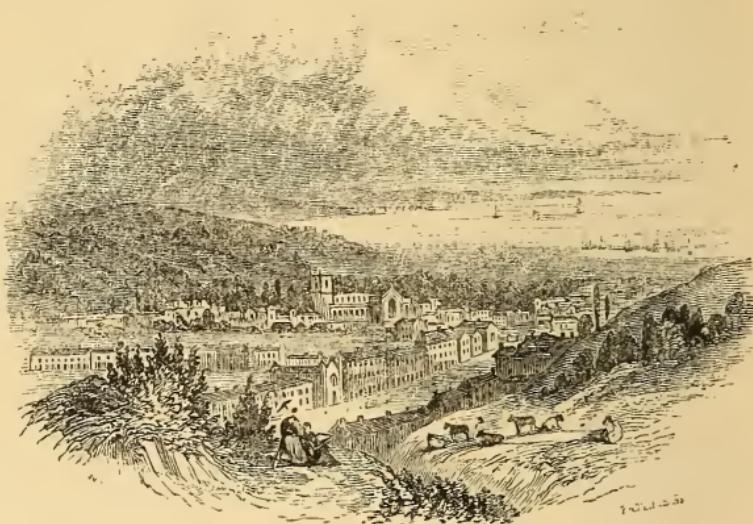
“ Soe away we went next day. One Mr. Fountain and Sir Thomas Cary went alonge with us, and passinge ouer the mountains Pen Men Maure, in the narrow passage wee met a gentleman of whome Mr. Fountain and Sir Thomas enquired how the tyde was, whoe told them we might pass well if we made hast ; soe they putt on, we following, not knowinge what had passed. Soe soon as they were downe the mountaine they fell to galloping. Neither my father nor my selfe understood at firste the meaninge ; but findinge the water grow deeper, for it came in rills, wee suspected the sea might be cominge in, as it was, and soe I desired my father to gallop too. The sands, save only in these rills, were carpet ways. At last we came to the place where they were (I meane Sir Thomas and Mr. Fountain) expectinge the ferrie boat, which was at Beaumaris and the ferrimen drinking. We all made as loud a call as we could. We did see some fisherboats, and beinge in great perplexitie and feare, we all rode on breast vp the stremme, purposeinge to trie if our horses (the worst comeing to the worst) would carrie vs ouer. I

askt my father if he could swim ; he sayd when he was young he could. Sayd I, Wee will keepe up the tyde, with the help of our horses, and by swimminge, we may either gett ouer, or else some of the boates may take us in. At last the ferriemen sett out and came to us, tellinge us we were in noe danger ; but by such time as we and our horses were on board, a ship might have rode betweene us and the shore behind us, and all was couered with water where we stood longe before we gott to Beaumaris. There wee ley that night, and the next morning wee rode to Holliehead, where he stayd expecting a wind, and the Welch parson put himselfe to the truble to prepare an English sermon against Sunday, but the wind beinge fair on Sunday morninge we went on board, and left our host, black Hugh, and the parson, to eate what was prepared for dinner." * * *

In due time they reach Ireland, the father marries his new wife,

" And wee returned againe, intending to land at Holliehead, where were the horses, but the wind would not permitt ; but wee putt ashore betweene Holliehead and Beaumaris, sent for the horses, and came to bed at Beaumaris, where then liued one Cheadle, that had maried the Lady Bulklye, and liued on the seate, which is noble, the parke comeing downe to the sea, &c. From thence we ferried ouer, taking our tyde better. As she rode ouer the sands behind me, and pulling off her gloue, her wedding ring fell off, and sunck instantly. She caused her man to alight ; she sate still behind me, and kept her eye on the place. Directed her man, but he not guessing well, she leaped off, saying she would not stir without her ringe, it beinge the most vnfortunate thinge that could befall any one to loose the weddinge ringe ; made the man thrust his hand into the sands, (the nature of which is not to bear any weight but passinge;) he pulled up the sand, but not the ringe. She made him strip his arme and put it deeper into the sand, and pulled up the ringe ; and this tyme he and shee, and all that stood still, were sunck almost to the knees, but wee were all pleased that the ringe was found. Gott up to horse againe, and arriued at the great hill, she behind me. As wee rode, her feet hunge, as it were, ouer the rocke into the sea, and by degrees wee came soe high that shee was not able to sitt any longer, she was so affrighted ; and the way was so narrow that she was taken backward from off the horse from behind, and soe she walked, as we all did, ouer the

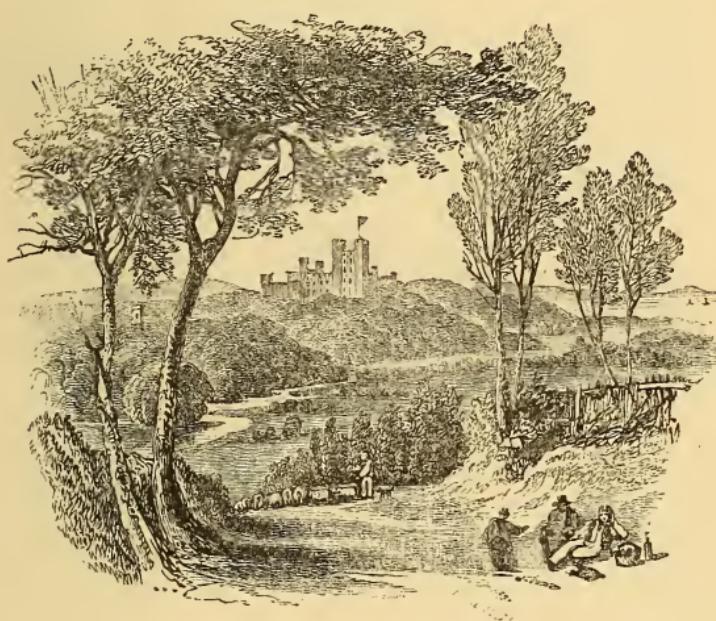
hill, the rock beinge extreeme high, both from our feete to the sea and above our heads too, so that we rode and walkt, as in the midle of the rock. Soe we came to Conway, and there we lay, and from thence to Chester."



BANGOR.

Thankful therefore for our improved facilities for travelling in these good days of Queen Victoria, proceed we now from Aber to BANGOR, a distance of five miles, passing on the way Penrhyn Castle, the stately residence of Colonel the Hon. E. G. Douglas Pennant, M.P.; the beautiful scenery of the Ogwen river and its wooded ravine; and the model village of Llandegai. At Bangor the visitor will of course stop to examine the old Cathedral, founded in the sixth century; inspect its architectural peculiarities; ponder over its interesting history: and hear the well-deserved praises of its venerable Dean, of whose worth its fine east window is a beautiful and significant memorial. The Episcopal Palace, the Museum, a walk through the long serpentine street under its singular rocks, and a search for antique remains of a Norman castle and British camp on the heights in the vicinity of Friars' School, will supply other occupation and amusement; while the splendid views from the slopes and summits of the green hills, will well reward the lovers of the picturesque for any time and labour they may devote to a ramble

through the district. There are many good hotels in Bangor, the principal of which, on the east side of the city, is the "Penrhyn Arms," delightfully situated in an extensive garden stretching down to the Menai Straits, and affording every possible accommodation the visitor can require. This hotel was the honoured residence of Queen Victoria, her illustrious Consort and family during a recent visit to the Principality.



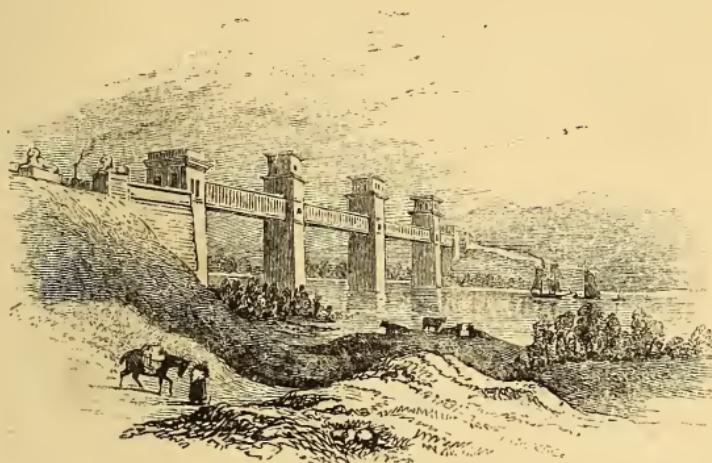
PENRHYN CASTLE.

Penrhyn Castle is "the lion" of the neighbourhood; it is built in a spacious park, after the most imposing style of Norman magnificence, and the interior is princely and unique. Strangers may obtain admission, by ticket, every Thursday; and, when the family is absent, on Tuesday also. The marine and inland views from this point are impressively grand and beautifully diversified; the mountains rising range behind range to the peak of Carnedd Llewelyn—the dark outline of Penmaen Mawr, towering above the clouds which creep along its breast—Penmaen Bach stretching towards the bright estuary of the Conway; and the Great Ormes Head projecting like some huge island into the sea,

which rolls its vast expanse beyond ; while the wooded shores and the hills of Anglesey, the pleasant town of Beaumaris, and the lonely rock of Puffin Island, combine to form a picture which delights the eye, and dwells in the memory as "a thing of beauty," which art must strive in vain to realize. From Bangor to those wondrous BRIDGES, which have given a world-wide celebrity to the Menai Straits, is a very easy transition. To the Britannia tube, where there is a station, it is only a ride of two miles and a quarter by rail ; and a delightful ramble through the fields, or a picturesque passage by a boat, for a mile, will conduct the visitor to the Menai Suspension Bridge, whence a walk or a drive of two miles by the turnpike road will bring you back to the Bangor Station.

The MENAI SUSPENSION BRIDGE was erected by the order and at the expense of the Government, in consequence of the many fatal disasters which occurred from crossing the Straits in ferry boats ; for the furious currents which occasionally run through this channel often make navigation a work of danger. The engineer was Mr. Telford ; the work was commenced in 1818, and finished in October, 1825 ; but the general opening did not take place till January 30, 1826, when the Royal London and Holyhead mail-coach for Dublin was driven across during a violent gale ! The dimensions of the bridge are as follow : the extreme length of the chain, from the fastenings in the rocks, is about 1715 feet ; the height of the road-way from high-water line is 100 feet ; each of the seven small piers, from high-water line to the spring of the arches, is 65 feet ; the span of each arch is $52\frac{1}{2}$ feet ; each of the suspending piers is 53 feet above the road ; the roads on the bridge consist of two carriage ways of 12 feet each, with a foot path of 4 feet in the centre ; the length of the suspended part of the road from pier to pier is 553 feet ; the carriage-road passes through two arches in the suspending piers of the width of 9 feet by 15 feet in height to the spring of the arches. The cost of the bridge was about £120,000. As a graceful work of mechanical skill, it is one of the wonders of Wales ; but so symmetrical are the proportions, that no adequate

idea of its size and height can be obtained without seeing it from the shore or the water beneath.



BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE.

The BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE is another wondrous triumph of engineering genius, and was constructed to carry the Chester and Holyhead railway over the Menai Straits. The first stone of the Britannia tower was laid in May, 1846, and on March 5, 1850, one line of roadway being complete, the first railway train passed through the Britannia tunnel. The entire length of the bridge is 1841 feet; and the floor is 100 feet above high-water mark. It is formed of eight iron tubes, the total weight of which is 10,000 tons, joined together by 2,000,000 of rivets. The Britannia tower is 62 feet by 52 feet 5 inches at the base; it has a gentle taper, so that where the tubes enter it is 55 feet by 45 feet 5 inches. Its total height from the bottom of the foundations is 230 feet; it contains 148,625 cubic feet of lime-stone, and 144,625 of sandstone, weighing very nearly 20,000 tons, and there are 387 tons of cast iron built into it in the shape of beams and girders. The land towers are each 62 feet by 52 feet 5 inches at the base, tapering to 55 feet by 32 feet at the level of the bottom of the tubes; their height is 190 feet from high water; they contain 210 tons of cast-iron in beams and girders. The bridge is divided into four spans, viz., the two

small spans at each end, which are over the land, and are each 230 feet wide ; and the two principal spans, which are over the water, and are each 460 feet wide. It is a work of marvellous greatness, and will form an enduring monument of the unequalled skill and courage of its engineer, Mr. Robert Stephenson, as the most stupendous exhibition of mechanical talent the world has yet seen.

FROM LLANDUDNO TO THE MENAI BRIDGE.

To those who love an aquatic excursion, there is no trip which in favourable weather will be more acceptable than a run from Llandudno to the Menai Bridge. Two excellent and well-appointed steam boats now ply between Liverpool and the Menai Straits—the *Prince of Wales* on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays ; the *Druid* on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. These packets call regularly in Llandudno Bay, to disembark or take up passengers, who are conveyed to or from the steamer in boats manned by steady and experienced sailors ; and the voyage is most enjoyable, even by those who have an aversion to a long excursion by sea. The course of the vessel is in close proximity to the stupendous rocks of the great Ormes Head, which are thus seen to the greatest advantage. There are few objects, it has been well observed, more imposingly grand than the appearance of this bold projection. The great depth of the sea which washes its base, renders a very near approach perfectly safe in fine weather ; and at the same time conveys an idea of its gigantic dimensions, so considerable a portion of which is concealed by the waters upon which it casts its mighty shadow, making their darkness blacker, and their immensity seem more profound. The rugged grandeur of its yawning chasms and majestic precipices is very striking. The *Pen Trwyn* rock excites universal admiration ; the *Dutchman's Cave* and *Ogo Colomenod*, the “Pigeon's Cave,” are other notable objects ; and *Mainc-y-Stewardiad*, the “Steward's Bench,” is associated with a tradition, that when the agents of the house

of Gloddaeth acted dishonestly, they were compelled to do penance by sitting naked on this ledge of rock, exposed to the pelting of the storm and the dashing of the waves, although at too great an elevation to be drowned by the tide. St. Tudno's Church, on its bleak eminence, and the Telegraph Station beyond, will be observed with interest; the grey rocks, whence the stone was fetched for the towers of the Conway railway tube, will induce a speculative thought; the vast overhanging crags will excite emotions of awe and wonder; and the western cliffs of the mountain, the wild haunts of myriads of sea-fowls, cormorants, herons, and peregrine falcons, will supply many a suggestive illustration of natural history to the inquiring and the intelligent. It is the custom when the steamer is passing these tremendous rocks, to awaken their echoes by the blast of a trumpet or the discharge of a gun, which has also the effect of startling the sea-birds, which fly forth in immense numbers, making the rude crags suddenly vocal with their strange screams and discordant cries, so thoroughly in unison with the rude attributes of the scene. Travellers have described the western extremity of this vast promontory, opening upon Beaumaris Bay, as some of the finest rock scenery in Britain. The surrounding prospects, too, are remarkably fine; there is distant a view of Conway Castle; Penmaen Bach and Penmaen Mawr stand boldly out at the foot of the mountains, the background of which is absolutely enchanting when lighted up by a bright sun; and on the other hand, the peculiar situation of PUFFIN ISLAND (about seven miles from Llandudno Bay) commands general attention. "The Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales," translated from the Latin of Giraldus de Barri by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, contains the following notice of this island, which describes it as it was six hundred and forty-four years ago, and in the true spirit of that remote age:— "There is a small island almost adjoining Anglesey, which is inhabited by hermits, living by manual labour, and serving God. It is remarkable, that when, by the influence of human passions, any discord arises among them, all their provisions

are devoured and infested by a species of small mice, with which the island abounds. * * * This island is called in Welsh, Ynys Lenach, or Priest's Island, because many bodies of saints are deposited there, and no woman is suffered to enter it."—The translator, in his "Annotations," gives a more recent account, which we subjoin:—"Ynys Lenach, now known by the name of Priestholme Island, bore also the title of Ynys Seiriol, from a saint who resided upon it in the sixth century. It is also mentioned by Dugdale and Pennant, under the appellation of Insula Glannauch. The former has given in his "Monasticon" a recital of the grants made to this priory by Prince Llewellyn and his brother David, as well as the confirmation of them by King Edward the First, by which it appears that the Abbey of Penmon, with all its appurtenances, was granted and confirmed to the prior and canons of this island, which is also said to have been the place of interment of Maelgwn Gwynedd, the founder of Penmon, Holyhead, and Bangor, and cotemporary with King Arthur. The fretum, which separates the island [from Anglesea] is something more than half a mile across. The island is between half and three-quarters of a mile long, and nearly of an oval form, precipitous, with an inclination to the north; the soil is rich, with a small portion of sand intermixed; it can boast of no buildings but a ruined tower, and of no inhabitants but sheep and rabbits." There is now a Telegraph Station there, with a residence for the manager.

The *Archæologia Cambrensis* further explains:—

"The religious brethren who first settled on the island with St. Seiriol, were no doubt of that simple order which existed in Britain previous to the introduction of foreign rules from Rome, and afterwards they were, like their brethren of Bardsey, changed into Canons Regular of the order of St. Augustine; though, at what precise period, we are unable from any documentary evidence to ascertain. We know nothing of the early history of the community, except that the little island, from its well-known sanctity, became like Bardsey, a chosen spot of sepulture. The first head, St. Seiriol, is related to have gone periodically across Anglesey to meet his religious friend St. Cybi, who coming from his own

monastery at Holyhead, used to meet him about half way, at Clorach, near Llanerchymedd. We also learn that Nidan, the son of Gwrvyw ab Pasgen ab Urien Rheged, was to have been a member of this monastery ; and that Elaeth Frenhin, a northern chief and a bard, spent his latter days within its walls. Edwal, a son of Griffith ab Canan, Prince of Wales, was abbot or prior here about the year 1130. Giraldus Cambrensis, in mentioning the recluses of the holy isle, states the tradition as extant in his time of their being overrun and troubled with mice whenever they happened to disagree among each other ; a tradition which, as far as it goes, is partially founded on fact, inasmuch as the Norwegian rat abounds in swarms on the island at the present day, and if left to itself would almost extirpate the puffins and rabbits, for which the island is celebrated, and from whence it derives its modern name of Puffin Island."

The puffins, which are birds of passage, make this island their home from April to August, after which month they are seen no more until the time again comes round, when they re-appear with the same mysterious suddenness as they departed, and in as large numbers. On the open common of the island there is an upright stone, marking a burial place of some unfortunate mariner, with this inscription :—" Bar. Stowt, belonging to the *Sally*, died in the small pox, November the 3rd, 1761. The ship was cast away here."

As you steam past Puffin Island towards Beaumaris, the waterfall of the Aber Glen beyond Penmaen Mawr is seen streaming down the mountain side like a thread of silver: the adjacent scenery forms a really splendid panorama of natural beauty ; and on the Anglesey shore the mansion of Baron Hill, the seat of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart., M.P., with its picturesque domain, forms an attractive feature in the landscape. The packet stops at BEAUMARIS to land passengers, and an opportunity is thus afforded of taking a good view of that delightfully-situated watering-place. It is a remarkably pleasant town, possessing good hotels, an interesting old Church, and extensive ruins of an ancient Castle, built, like the fortresses of Caernarvon and Conway, by Edward the First, to secure his sovereignty in Wales. Leaving Beaumaris, the Straits on either



BEAUMARIS.

hand present a succession of charming pictures. Penrhyn Castle shows to advantage on the Carnarvonshire side ; and the Anglesey shore is studded with modern residences of handsome construction. The packet stops off Garth Point to discharge passengers for Bangor, and finally comes to anchor near the Menai Suspension Bridge, directly opposite to the George Hotel, (one of the best houses in Great Britain), after a most enjoyable sail of two hours—the fare for which, at the cabin end of the steamer, is only one shilling, in addition to sixpence for the boat which takes you to the packet at Llandudno. The tourist has thus arrived at a most favourable spot for examining the Menai Suspension Bridge ; another mile by land or water will bring him to the Britannia Bridge, where the return train for Conway may be taken ; or, if disposed to while away a few pleasant hours in that interesting locality, another train leaves Bangor later in the evening ; and thus one of the cheapest and most attractive tours in the Principality may be enjoyed, at less sacrifice of time and money than the most rigid economist would have thought possible but a few years ago. As omnibuses run regularly to Conway from the principal Hotels at Llandudno, and return thither on the arrival of the trains, every convenient facility for making excursions into any part of Wales is

obtainable ; and during the summer months there is no lack of public conveyances on moderate terms to all the districts in popular favour with visitors.

L L A N D U D N O .

N addition to its central situation for making daily visits to the more celebrated spots in the vicinity, Llandudno may be confidently recommended as a most eligible place for a lengthened or permanent residence. We have noted some of its advantages ; its marine parades, its mountain walks, its rural rambles, and its picturesque position will commend it to general favour ; while the geologist will find " sermons in stones " among the minerals and marvels of its rocks ; the archæologist will derive pleasure from a study of its antique remains ; the student of natural history will take interest in the strange varieties of the feathered tribes which throng its craggy solitudes ; and the botanist will derive delight from the numberless flowers and herbs which flourish on its bold headlands, or in its sequestered nooks ; for in the Rev. R. Williams' "History of Conway," a list of eighty-three of the more uncommon plants is given as growing in and about Llandudno ; and the *Cotoneaster vulgaris* is particularly specified as having its only habitation in these kingdoms on the limestone rocks above the mines on the Great Ormes Head.

Provisions are good and plentiful ; and now the new market-place is erected, further competition will no doubt stimulate larger supplies and cheaper prices. The bay swarms with fish ; and it only requires some well-directed plan of management to develope its resources. While we write, the progress of improvement becomes more and more distinct ; unsightly hovels are disappearing, and handsome buildings rising on their sites ; first-class shops are increasing, and the erection of commodious lodging-houses is striving to keep pace with inquiries for their occupation. A most important addition to its facilities for com-

munication with all parts of the kingdom, is the construction of a RAILWAY from Conway to Llandudno.

In the year 1853, the St. George's Harbour Company obtained an Act of Parliament for making such railway, and in the year 1855 a supplementary Act to alter and amend the former was passed. The course of the line is delineated on the map, and its terminus is about one hundred yards south of Mostyn Street, not far from the Queen's Hotel. The same Company have powers to erect a PIER for sea-going steamers, with facilities for using boats at all states of the tide ; the work has been commenced at the rocks under the Baths, and will be carried out sufficiently far to effect the purposes of its construction.

A Bill has also passed through Parliament to authorize the formation of a NEW TURNPIKE ROAD from Conway to Llandudno ; the route selected is well chosen and picturesque ; it will lead from the embankment in Conway in a direct line through the lovely vale beneath the ancient mansion of Marl, the woods of Bodysgallen and Gloddaeth, pass through the quiet little village of Eglwys Rhos, between the Church and Bryn Maelgwyn, and thence fall into the present road to Llandudno. By this improvement all the steep declivities and sudden turns of the road now in use, and the inconvenient drive along the shingly shore, will be avoided, while a nearer and almost level route will be obtained.

The great importance of an efficient system of Drainage and Water Supply, for domestic and sanatory purposes, cannot be too highly estimated ; we are therefore happy to learn that the Commissioners have directed their attention to these essential requisites. The plans of Mr. Macdougall Smith, C.E., which are those adopted, are comprehensive and complete. His system of drainage consists of a reservoir main sewer, with collateral drains from the Main Parade at the Ormes Bay to the Conway Bay, into which they are discharged at about three-quarters ebb tides, when the sewage becomes diluted with a vast body of water, and passes to such a distance down the tidal current as to be carried away beyond any chance of return with

the floods. To effect this, advantage is taken of the rise of tides for the flushing the whole system of drainage between the bays, by means of tanks placed at the extremities throughout the length of the esplanade, and filled by the rising tides, and each tank discharged throughout the sewers, when the penstock is raised at the outfalls of the main sewer, thereby giving a head of water from 12 to 15 feet for flushing at each tide, and thus insuring the cleanliness and healthiness of the town.

The Water Supply is obtained and conveyed by gravitation, from the Gogarth Springs, near the top of the Great Ormes Head, to a storage reservoir at Tyn-y-Coed, which is about 350 feet above the level of the sea; thus giving a sufficient pressure of water to reach the highest dwelling for sanatory purposes, and also as a guarantee from danger in cases of fire. The details of these works embrace all the engineering improvements of modern science, the plans and survey having been designed and prepared by the eminent engineer before named, who has carried out similar works with decided success in various parts of the kingdom. An analysis of the Gogarth Spring waters, intended for the supply of the town has been made by the eminent chemist Mr. Herapath of Bristol, with the following results, as described by himself:—

“ In an imperial gallon there are in grains and decimal parts as follows:

Chloride of Calcium	0.163
Sulphate of Magnesia	1.433
Common Salt	5.643
Organic Matters326
Nitrates	Traces.
Carbonate of Lime	9.963
Sulphate of Lime433
Oxide of Iron003
Silica.....	.463
 Total Salts per Gallon....	 18.427

There is nothing in this water to prevent its being used for domestic purposes; it is hard before being boiled (15 degrees), about the average of Bristol spring waters; after boiling it will be only 5 degrees, which is rather soft; it will, therefore, do well for brewing, tea-making, &c.

You will perceive that all the substances contained in a gallon weigh but 18 4.10ths of a grain, and when the carbonate of lime (nearly 10 grs.) are precipitated by boiling, the solid contents are but 8½ grains, of which 5½ grains are common salt."

The purity of the water whence it is proposed to derive the supply is therefore incontestably demonstrated; and so copious are the springs that any required quantity may be collected.

It should further be noticed, that from its great elevation the water will supply itself, and no annual expensé in the maintenance of forcing engines will be incurred. Mr. Herapath, we believe considers the Gogarth Springs equal to the celebrated Bristol water; and two physicians of eminence have pronounced Llandudno far better adapted by nature for the hydropathic system of treatment than Malvern—a fact which only requires to be known to be duly appreciated.

GAS WORKS for lighting Llandudno have also been constructed in the vicinity of the town, on the Conway Road, and this convincing proof of public spirit is duly appreciated.

Marvellous and rapid are the changes which have taken place since 1849, when Mr. Maitland of Liverpool, (whose literary labours have since been pretty freely pirated) wrote the original "Guide to Llandudno." Intelligent enterprise has converted a marsh, where ten years ago, as the natives say, the croaking frogs disturbed their sleep, into a verdant valley, upon which has risen a thriving town that already ranks as the "Queen of Welsh Watering-places." Its future will no doubt be one of satisfactory progress; for art and science are there combining to plant amidst nature's glorious scenes a welcome resort, whither the busy classes of society may hasten to forget the dust and turmoil, the noise and excitement, of the work-a-day world, in that happy season of serene enjoyment—a sea-side holiday.

And so, whether in search of health or recreation, commend us to LLANDUDNO.

A P P E N D I X .

For the special information of Botanists, the following list of Plants to be found at Llandudno and the neighbourhood is subjoined:—

AMMOPHILA ARUNDINACEA. Sea reed—On the sandy coast.

ASPERUGO PROCUMBENS. German madwort—On the rocks.

ALLIUM VINEALE. Crow garlic; *grâf y gerddi, cennin eworkinog*—On the rocks.

ALISMA PLANTAGO. Greater water plantain; *llyren, llyriad*—Ditches.

ARENARIA Verna. Vernal sandwort—On the rocks.

ARABIS HISPIDA. Welsh rock-cress; *berw y fagwyr, berw y graig*—Ditto.

ASTER TRIPOLIUM. Sea starwort; *serenlllys y morfa*—Salt marshes.

ANTIRRHINUM CUMBALARIA. Joy-leaved snap dragon; *trwyn y llo, eiddew ddail*—Walls, Gloddaeth.

BRASSICA OLERACEA. Sea cabbage; *bresych, cawr*—Rhiwleden.

CONVOLVULUS SOLDANELLA. Sea bindweed; *cynghafog arfor, ebolgarn y mor*—On Deganwy warren, and the coast.

CHENOPODIUM. BONUS HENRICUS. Good King Henry's—Ruins of Gogarth palace.

COTYLEDON UMBILICUS. Navelwort; *bogeil-lys, dail gron*—Rocks and stone-walls.

CERASTIUM SEMIDECANDRUM. Little mouse-ear chickweed; *cornwlyddyn, clust llygoden, corraid, blodeuddail gwahanedig*—The coast.

CERASTIUM TETRANDRUM. Four-clef ditto; *cornwlyddyn pedwar gwrryw*—Ditto.

COTONEASTER VULGARIS. Downy leaved medlar—Limestone rocks above the mines; the only habitat in the kingdom.

COCHLEARIA DANICA. Danish scurvy-grass—Salt marshes.

CAKILE MARITIMA. Sea rocket—Conway marsh.

CRAMBE MARITIMA. Sea Kale; *ysyedd arfor*—On the shore and rocks.

CICHORIUM INTYBUS. Wild succory; *ysgallen y meirch, ysgellog gwylt*—Near the village and at Tydraw.

CARDUUS TENUIFLORUS. Grey thistle; *ysgallen mân flodeuog*—On the upper rocks.

CENTAUREA CYANUS. Corn blue-bottle; *cramenog, bengaled*—In corn-fields near Rhiwleden.

DIANTHUS CARYOPHYLLUS. Clove pink; *penigan*—Walls of Aber-conway.

DIANTHUS DELTOIDES. Maiden Pink—Deganwy.

DIGITALIS PURPUREA. Foxglove—Trap Rocks, near Deganwy.

ELYMUS ARENARIUS. Upright sea lyme-grass—On the sandy coast.

ERYTHRÆA LITTORALIS. Dwarf tufted centaury; *canrhi, arlladlyd, bustl y ddaear*—On the coast.

EPIPACTIS LATIFOLIA. Broad-leaved Helleborine; *caldrist*—Rocks to westward of the town.

ERODIUM MARTTIMUM. Sea stork's bill; *pig y creyr arfor*—The shore and warrens.

EUPATORIUM CANNABINUM. Hemp agrimony; *byddon chwerw*—The road to Conway.

FEDIA DENTATA. Corn Salad; *llysiau yr oen, gwylaeth yr oen, diadwyth*—Rocks.

FENICULUM VULGARE. Common fenel; *ffenigl*—Under Conway castle and about Llandudno.

FUMARIA CAPREOLATA. Ramping fumitory; *mwg y ddaear, afreolys*—An uncommon variety, with white flowers—Hedges near Rhiwleden.

GLAUX MARITIMA. Sea milk-wort; *hel-las*—Salt marshes.

GLAUCIUM LUTEUM. Yellow horned poppy; *pabi corniog melyn, llwydla*—The coast.

GERANIUM LUCIDUM. Shining crane's bill; *pig yr aran disglaer*—Walls near Rhiwleden.

G. SANGUINEUM. Bloody crane's bill; *pig ar aran Rhuddgoch*—The coast, marsh, and rocks.

GENTIANA CAMPESTRIS. Field gentian; *crwlynllys y maes*—Upper rocks.

GYMNADENIA CONOPSEA. Fragrant Orchis—Cliffs above the town.

HELIANTHEMUM CANUM. Hoary dwarf rock-rose—Ditto and at Gloddaeth.

HUTCHINSIA PETREA. Rock Hutchinsia—Mountain above the mines, &c.

HIPPOCREPIS COMOSA. Horse-shoe vetch; *pedol y march*—The rocks.

HYPERICUM MONTANUM. Mountain St. John's wort—Eastern side of Town, near Baths.

HYPOCHERIS MACULATA. Spotted cat's ear; *melynnydd*—Ditto.

HYOSCIAMUS NIGER. Henbane; *llewyg yr iar, bela, parfyg, crys y brenhin, ffa y dorch*—On the coast, abundant.

INULA CONYZA. Ploughman's spikenard; *meddyg mair, codowydd, meddyg y bugail*—On dry banks near the river.

INULA DYSENTERICA. Flea-bane; *cedowys cyffredin*—Road from Boda-fon to the shore.

IRIS FOETIDISSIMA. Stinking Iris—Gloddaeth wood.

JUNIPERUS COMMUNIS. Juniper; *merywen gyffredin*—Pydew above Pabo; Bryn Maelgwyn, and top of Bryn Euryn.

LITHOSPERMUM OFFICINALE. Graymill; *maenhad meddygaw, grawn yr haul*—Rocks, and thickets above the mines.

L. MARITIMUM. Sea Gromwell; *maenhad meddygol arfor*—On the shore.

LATHYRUS SYLVESTRIS. Wild lathyrus; *yd bysen barhaus, cul-ddail*—Hedges near Aber Conway.

LENOXYRIS VULGARIS. Goldilocks; *peneurid, peneuraidd*—Ditto.

LEPIDIUM SMITHII. Smooth Field-pepperwort—Coast in various places.

LISTERA OVATA. Tway blade—In Bodafon meadows.

MARRUBIUM VULGARE. White horehound—Great and little Ormes Heads.

MEDICAGO MACULATA. Spotted medick; *magtys*—Ruins of Gogarth.

MENTHA VIRIDIS. Spear mint; *myntys*—Rocks above Tydraw and Gogarth.

NEOTTIA SPIRALIS. Fragrant ladies' tresses—Hill westward of the town.

ORIGANUM VULGARE. Wild marjoram; *mesuriad cyffredin, penrudd, mintys y creigiau*—Ruins of Conway, Bryn Maelgwyn, and ditto.

OROBANCHE HEDERÆ. Ivy broom-rape; *orfangc, corn yr afr*—Ruins of Conway Castle, on the Ivy.

ORCHIS PYRAMIDALIS. Pyramidal orchis; *tegeirian bera, tegeirian coch yr haf*—Gloddaeth wood, Bryn Maelgwyn, and Great Ormes Head, near copper mine.

PYRUS ARIS. White beam tree; *cerddinen wen*—The limestone rocks.

POTENTILLA Verna. Spring cinque-foil; *pumbys, pum-nalen*—Gloddaeth, Little Ormes Head, coast, and the rocks.

PAPAVER HYBRIDUM. Rough headed poppy; *pabi*—Fields.

PARIETARIA OFFICINALIS. Pellitory of the wall; *canhauawl, cantafod, murlwyn, bartlyns*—Walls and rocks.

PINGUICULA VULGARIS. Common Butterwort—Near Pigeons' Cave.

PLANTAGO MARITIMA. Sea plantain—On the coast.

PRENANTES MURALIS. Wall lettuce—On the rocks and banks.

RUBIA PEREGRINA. Wild madder; *gwreidd-rudd, coch-wraidd*—Gloddaeth, the sea coast, Porthuchaf, and the lane between Marl and Llanrhos.

RHAMNUS CATHARTICUS. Purging Buck-thorn—Bryn Maelgwyn.

ROSA SPINOSISSIMA. Burnet rose; *mwccog*—The coast and warren.

✓ ROSA FOSTERI. Downy ribbed dog-rose; *rhoswydd*—Hedges.

SCABIOSA SUCCISA. Devil's bit scabious; *clafr-llys gwreidd-don*—Meadows.

SAGINA MARITIMA. Sea pearl-wort; *cor-wlyddyn*—Sandy coast.

SAMOLUS VALERANDI. Water pimpernel; *gwyddiwyn, brathlyns*—On moist clay near Pigeons' Cave, and Llech.

SISON AMOMUM. Hedge bastard stone parsley—Near Eglwys Rhos.

✓ SILEYBUM MARIANUM. Milk-thistle; *ysgallen wen, llaeth ysgall, cribau mair*—About the town.

STATICE ARMERIA. Sea gilliflower; *archmain, blodau gorphenaf*—Rocks.

STATICE SPATHULATA. Upright spiked sea lavender—North East side on rocks, Conway side near copper pen.

SCILLA Verna. Vernal squill; *ceninen y brain*—The upper rocks, Rhiwleden, rocks near Pigeons' Cave, and meadows near Gloddaeth.

SAXIFRAGA CÆSPITOSA. Tufted saxifrage; *llyfenwy, tormaen*—Rhiwleden.

✓ S. TRIDACTYLITES. Rue leaved saxifrage—On Conway church-yard walls, and rocks at Pen Dinas.

SILENE NUTANS. Nottingham Catchfly; *gladlys*—Gloddaeth, and the rocks above Llandudno and Rhiwleden.

✓ SEDUM ANGLICUM. English stone crop; *briweg y cerrig, gwenith y brain, bywydog*—Rocks.

S. DASYPHYLLUM. Thick leaved stone crop—Walls near the church, and Castle of Conway.

✓ S. FOSTERIANUM. Welsh rock stone crop—The rocks of Rhiwleden.

SCROPHULARIA VERNALIS. Yellow figwort; *gornerth*—Lane near Gloddaeth, and Bodysgallen wood.

SERRATULA TINCTORIA. Common Saw-wort—Ormes Head, Bryn Maelgwyn, &c.

SMYRNIUM OLUSATRUM. Alexanders—Gogarth Abbey, Conway Castle, and Diganwy Castle.

SPIRÆA FILIPENDULA. Dropwort; *crogedyf*—On the hill.

SENECIO VISCOUS. Stinking groundsel; *greulys, carnwydd*—The coast, and waste ground.

SAPONARIA OFFICINALIS. Soapwort; *sebonllys meddygawl*—Near the mines on the head.

SEDUM TELEPHIUM. Orpine or Live-long; *carewin, bywydog lydanddail, llysian Taliesin*—Woods at Gloddaeth, and at Rhiwleden.

TRIGLOCHIN PALUSTRE. Marsh Arrow-grass—Near Pigeons' Cave.

THALICTRUM MINUS. Lesser meadow rue—The coast, rocks, and also at Llech.

TRIFOLIUM STRIATUM. Soft knotted trefoil; *meillonen fefusaidd*—On the coast near Diganwy.

VERONICA HYBRIDA. Welsh speedwell; *rhuddlwyn, llys Llewelyn*—On the limestone rocks, above Llandudno town, near Gloddaeth, &c.

VIOLA HIRTA. Hairy violet; *myllynen*—On the rocks.

F E R N S.

ASPLENIUM RUTA-MURARIA. Wall-rue spleenwort—On rocks and walls.

A. TRICHOMANES. Common wall spleenwort—Near Tyn y Coed, &c.

A. ADIANTUM NIGRUM. Black-stalked spleenwort—Ditto.

A. MARINUM. Sea spleenwort—Rocks near Pigeons' Cave.

OSMUNDA REGALIS. Osmund-royal or flowering fern—Meadows below the town.

The foregoing botanical notes have been subjected to the revision of THOMAS BAXTER, Esq., of Worcester, a gentleman well known in this branch of science, and whose kindness we gratefully acknowledge.

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